HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN SUSPENSION-BRIDGE—NEW YORK ENTRANCE.—From Photograph by Gubelman.—[See Page 326.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, May 26, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn"*—the drawing to be suitable for publication in* Harper's Magazine, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—Messrs. Harper & Brothers *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by Messrs. Harper & Brothers *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

Mr. R. Swain Gifford, N.A.; Mr. F. D. Millet, A.N.A.; *and* Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* Harper & Brothers, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harper's Magazine *of December*, 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* Harper's Weekly, $300; *one page* Harper's Bazar, $200; *one page* Harper's Young People, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messrs. Harper & Brothers *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

☞ *A* Supplement, *presenting a* Double-page View *of the* New York and Brooklyn Suspension-Bridge, *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

PROSPECTS.

THE campaign for the Presidential nomination has begun upon the Democratic side with great ardor. There are most suggestive assurances of the extraordinary vigor of Mr. Hendricks's health, and it is telegraphed that he has been recently able to stand upon his feet for two hours. Perhaps, however, that merely normal posture will be in vain, and that nothing less than ability to stand upon his head for five minutes will answer. Mr. McDonald, also of Indiana, whose "claims" are wholly unknown to the public, is declared to be "running" for the nomination. Then the Rev. Mr. Talmage announced that Mr. Tilden was a candidate, upon which the New York *Sun* remarks, "To put it quite plainly, Mr. Talmage lies," and the *Sun* quotes Mr. Tilden's letter and telegram declining to compete for the nomination in 1880 as conclusive evidence of his absolute retirement in 1884. Governor Cleveland, of New York, has been thought to be a new man of great promise for the contest; but many of the Democratic papers in the State unequivocally assert that he has insulted his party and needlessly quarrelled with Tammany. Pending all these palpitations, Mr. John Kelly goes to Massachusetts and sees Governor Butler, and his visit is believed to be of immense significance.

Other names are mentioned—General Hancock, Mr. Pendleton, Mr. Bayard—but with a perfunctory air, as if they were cited rather to cast a glamour of dignity and respectability over the party than seriously to urge them as candidates. Upon the Republican side, however, there is very little speculation about candidates. Mr. Conkling has announced that the Republicans will be defeated, and there is no doubt that he would be glad to see a defeat, which he would ascribe to his own indifference, as he and his friends amusingly assumed Garfield's election to be due to their zeal. General Grant will hardly be a candidate. The candidacy of Mr. Blaine is very doubtful. General Logan probably has hopes, and other Senators are doubtless pondering the subject. But the significant part of the situation is that there is no serious discussion of principles or politics. No question has taken such hold of the public mind as to promise the appearance of a new party. The serious difference upon the tariff in the Democratic ranks will not dissolve the party—it will only exclude the issue from the contest in 1884—while both parties compete for the credit of administrative reform.

To-day, therefore, and in the absence of any question strong enough to break the parties, the prospect is that the result in 1884 will depend largely upon the personality of the candidates and upon party tradition. The general issue that the Democratic party, as the national "outs," will reform Republican ill-doing, might serve in England, but it is powerless here, where the two parties are both in and out at the same time. The spirit and disposition and action of the Democratic party are not matters of conjecture. It is in power in many States, and the country can see there precisely what kind of reform and economy and good government are to be expected if it should control the national government. The theory that if one party does not suit the other will serve, fails altogether when both parties are actively governing and under review at the same time. Assuming Republican short-comings to any reasonable degree, what is to be gained by transforming the late Democratic New York Legislature at Albany into the national Congress at Washington? This is the consideration which will govern the great multitude of voters in 1884. Both parties will hold their general strength. The result will depend upon the number of voters who, between two parties of what seem to them negative claims, think that the time has come to try the chance of change. But if the country should be busy and tranquil when the election comes, if enterprise be active, labor well paid, and prosperity universal, change for the mere chance of change is unlikely to be desired.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

The vehement attack which was recently made upon Cornell University greatly surprised many of its friends. They had supposed it to be advancing, not "deteriorating," and those who know the active, progressive, and essentially modern spirit of its president will not willingly believe that mischiefs so serious can have occurred without his observation, still less with his acquiescence or connivance. Yet the charges, as they were summarized in the reports, did not spare even him, and if they represented any general conviction among the alumni, it was certainly necessary for the president to lose no time in responding to the accusation. This he did at once in a careful statement, the tone of which showed a deep sense of injustice, but which meets the charges fairly and candidly. Impressions or opinions which are not susceptible of precise definition, and which count for much in an arraignment of the kind, of course can not be answered, but they can be shown to be unfounded in the specific allegations which are urged. Surely if any one has a right to speak for Cornell University it is President White. Such an institution was the dream of his youth. He was Mr. Cornell's most intimate counsellor and invaluable friend. He has devoted a large part of his active life, his trained abilities, his special knowledge, his wide acquaintance with men, his long experience in teaching, his enthusiasm and faith, his private resources, to establishing and developing the university. It is hard for him not to resent warmly an imputation that he has neglected and injured it.

The charges are brought by a trustee in a meeting of alumni and others. The president says that at the last Commencement, when he had opportunity to make the charges and to invoke the action of the board to obtain redress, if redress were needful, without provoking a public scandal, the trustee was silent. Within six weeks there would be the annual Commencement meeting, when he could take the same course. But he would not wait. He appeals to the public before saying a word to the board. He arraigns the trustees as careless and incompetent. The president cites the enormous gifts to the university for buildings, apparatus, books, support of professors, etc., amounting to more than two millions and a half of dollars, and nearly every dollar was given by trustees or the families of trustees. Their time, their thoughts, their fortunes, have been freely bestowed. They have differed and debated among themselves. But president and trustees are harmonious, bound together by mutual respect if not by personal attachment, and they are steadily working together.

As to the professors, who, it is charged, are paid penurious salaries, the president says that some receive $3000, and the great body receive $2750. It is not a large salary, but, however inadequate, it is, he says, equal to $3500 at Yale, which is the regular salary there. The resident faculty is steadily improving, "and was never so good as now." When a vacancy occurs the university is untrammelled by sectarian views, and selects the best man, of whatever denomination, who can be found in the country. Not one professor has left, as is stated, because of the low salary. In the two cases most frequently mentioned, an assistant professor of mathematics left to take a full professorship at Harvard, and a professor of Latin at Cornell went to take the professorship of Latin at Yale. Both returned to their alma mater, and Cornell was justly proud, for it was a tribute to the excellence of her choice and the standing of her professors. Such transfers are common, and the vacant places have been most satisfactorily filled. If there have been noted special lecturers in former years, they have been succeeded by most accomplished men. If the number of students did somewhat decline when the standard of scholarship was raised, the recovery has begun, and upon the higher plane. There is no "deterioration" in the students, and no discord in the faculty, or between them and the president; and as for the executive committee, which is obviously a necessary body, the alumni are more largely represented upon it than any other part of the constituent body. We can give but an impression of the detailed and careful reply of the president. But every alumnus and friend of Cornell, who will readily own that its management, like that of every such institution, should be sharply scrutinized, will certainly do its officers the justice of hearing before they condemn.

MAHONE.

When Mr. Mahone became prominent in Virginia politics it was as the leader of a movement to break up the Bourbon Democratic ascendency which postponed the payment of the State debt, and which refused justice to the colored voters. The movement favored also a scheme of "re-adjustment" of the debt which was obviously but a form of repudiation. But there were many honest Republicans who thought that this part of the programme, while it could not be approved, need not prevent sympathy with the general purpose of securing justice and ending a dull political despotism. Upon a review of the situation it was apparently decided in Washington that the Mahone movement should be sustained by the Administration, without approval of repudiation. The power of the national patronage seems to have been intrusted to Mr. Mahone, and inevitably the Administration and the party have been held responsible for his conduct.

The result is not encouraging. That the condition of the colored citizen has been seriously improved does not appear. The State has certainly not become Republican. Its creditors are not more satisfied. The only gain has been secured by Mr. Mahone, who has become a Senator, and who has relentlessly and for his own ends used the power committed to him. Mr. Dezendorf, a late member of Congress, has written to the President a letter calling his attention to gross violations of law by Mr. Mahone. His accusation is in substance that Mr. Mahone resorts to bribery and corruption, selling places for services, assessing office-holders in despite of law, and detailing them for personal and political objects. Mr. Dezendorf charges specific abuses in the Navy-yard, monstrous and causeless removals, scandals of all kinds, and demoralization of the colored voters. He writes also to Mr. Eaton, of the Civil Service Commission, to Secretaries Folger and Chandler, and to Postmaster-General Gresham, pointing out the abuses and the violations of law of which Mr. Mahone is guilty. His statements are too explicit to be disregarded, and in the present temper of the public mind it would be extremely unwise to resort to the simple answer, "Pooh, pooh, to you!"

The law provides that if any Senator of the United States is concerned directly or indirectly in soliciting or levying political assessments he shall be liable to trial for misdemeanor, and to fine and imprisonment. Let Mr. Dezendorf see that the proper officers enforce the law. He may be sure that public opinion would sustain him in such action if based upon adequate evidence. It must be clear to the Administration also that support of Mr. Mahone and his practices must be a very great injury to the Republican party. It is the accumulation of dishonest and doubtful details of administration which can not be explained away that endangers parties. The Belknap scandal, the Whiskey Ring revelations, had explainers and defenders, but the country naturally accepts such things as too significant signs. The passage of the law regulating the civil service, the appointment of the Commission, the excellent rules, honest examinations, will not avail the Republican party if it is seen that the spirit of the law is evaded, that gross violations of its letter are tolerated, and that its observance is reluctant and perfunctory. The President has shown the best disposition in all that he has done in connection with the Commission and the rules. But his disposition and purpose regarding the whole service can be seen only by his attitude toward such abuses as Mr. Dezendorf reports.

IRISHMEN AND AMERICAN SYMPATHY.

The *Evening Post* misapprehends our remarks upon the late Irish Convention. The fact of the large Irish immigration to this country doubtless shows great suffering at home, and is due to the old English oppression which we have often described. Upon that point we should not differ. But the view is unquestionably sound that if a great multitude of Irishmen or of any other foreign people come to this country, for whatever reason, and having obtained citizenship here, remain even more alien in heart and sympathy than the colonies of American idlers in London and Paris to the countries in which they stay, if they use their American political power chiefly to promote the interest of another country, and if they encourage, even if they do not directly promote, the commission of revolting crimes to avenge their own wrongs or those of their ancestors in their native land, they do not take a course which will secure American sympathy. That is what we said, and we still think it to be a saying justified by reason and experience.

Irish hate of England, which produces this action, and which the *Post* apparently supposes us to overlook, is the one conspicuous fact in the Irish situation. That hate is not surprising. However unjustified by the recent conduct of England, it is a national tradition which is now unchangeable, and whether

it should not be accepted as a fact requiring and justifying the separation of the countries is a fair question. But that does not affect the truth that the attempt to use American citizenship to gratify Irish hate is not the way to command American favor. It is, on the contrary, the way to repel it. If Irishmen or their friends believe that the course which the Irish have pursued in this country has excited American sympathy for Ireland, they are profoundly mistaken. It has prevented a clear knowledge of the facts or careful inquiry into the situation, by arousing feelings of hostility, which are incompatible with fair inquiry. Certainly an open declaration of delight in the Phœnix Park murders and of approval of Dynamite methods would not have been even politic, and a shuffling, evasive, indirect approval is only a little less impolitic.

"Preaching" is not the method by which one people hating another is apt to settle its differences. American sympathy, as we said, would attend any statement of Irish wrongs to-day, however strongly drawn, and any declaration of a policy of absolute independence or of local government, provided such objects were to be sought by honorable methods. But it is undeniable that respect for the essential honesty of such declarations would be enhanced if those who professed so absorbing a regard for Ireland refrained from obtaining citizenship in another country. For citizenship involves moral obligations which are inconsistent with primary and supreme devotion to the interests of another land.

THE LONGFELLOW MEMORIAL.

THERE are, and there always will be, constant appeals to the public generosity for worthy objects. Many of these—probably most of them—will be of what is called a sentimental kind, as, for instance, all memorials and monuments of historic events and of famous men, but they are not for that reason less meritorious. The proposed memorial to LONGFELLOW is of this kind.

The association adopted the plan of the Cobden Memorial Association, in England, of receiving only a small sum from each contributor to insure a national movement. But the important fact was overlooked that the Cobden Association was the centre of a large system of clubs. Through them it reached at once thousands of persons, and the sum was raised at once. There are, however, no LONGFELLOW clubs, and to leave to voluntary individual action the trouble of sending a dollar was a mistake. The association have therefore decided to supplement this plan by inviting larger subscriptions, and Mr. OSGOOD, the authorized agent, announces that $21,000 of the $50,000 desired are now substantially provided. The memorial proposed consists of a plot of ground in front of the poet's house, which his children have given for the purpose, which is to be simply laid out as a public resort, and upon which a statue or other fitting monument will be erected.

If the tribute be national, it is because LONGFELLOW was the beloved household singer of the whole country, more universally known than any of our poets, and enjoying by the character of his poetry a peculiar personal relation to all his readers. It is for this reason that the association appeals with confidence to all his countrymen who have been cheered, consoled, and strengthened by his song. Checks should be made payable to the Longfellow Memorial Association, and may be sent to Mr. EDWARD S. OSGOOD, at the office of JOHN WILEY & SONS, 15 Astor Place, New York.

FAMILIAR TACTICS.

IN the desperate effort to discredit the law providing for reforming the abuses of official patronage it was asserted that Mr. CHARLES LYMAN, the Examiner-in-chief, had been disgracefully dismissed from the volunteer army twenty years ago. Mr. LYMAN at once stated the facts, which summarily disposed of one of the meanest of calumnies. Secretary STANTON dismissed Lieutenant LYMAN for a wholly unintentional and honorable error, which was also unimportant. The order of dismissal was subsequently revoked, and Mr. LYMAN was honorably discharged for honorable and meritorious service.

This attack is an illustration of the kind of hostility to which the vigorous enforcement of the new law will be exposed. The cliques of professional politicians which would retain for their own henchmen and parasites the chance of entrance into the public service bitterly hate a system which throws it open to all the people, and gives the honest and intelligent young man without the backing of a boss the chance which the heelers and rounders now monopolize.

A GROSS OUTRAGE.

THE daily papers have most properly called attention to the outrageous wrong done to RICHARD LEWIS, an Englishman, who recently arrived at this port, and was arrested upon shipboard for forgery by authority of a cable message from the chief constable of Manchester, in England. After an imprisonment of eight days he was released, upon receipt of a message from the English authorities that he was not the man whose extradition was desired.

The incident is most disgraceful to all concerned, and for so gross an outrage as this somebody should be held personally liable in the most exemplary damages. No man should be arrested without some *prima facie* evidence of guilt, and such summary seizure and imprisonment should certainly not be tolerated.

"SPANISH VISTAS."

WHOEVER glances only at the profuse and beautiful illustrations of Mr. LATHROP'S book, which are drawn by Mr. REINHART, will catch at once glimpses of the picturesque, romantic, indolent, squalid, brilliant, melodious, half-Orientally barbaric life and scene which we call Spain. And as the reader then begins to follow the text he will find that he has the singular good fortune of wandering in that land with two artists, one of the pen and the other of the pencil, who allow nothing characteristic or interesting to escape their quick eyes and alert minds.

The essential picturesqueness of the work begins with the first pages, upon which the impression of the actual scene as a familiar theatrical spectacle happily takes the reader into the vein of the book. This impression is natural to every imaginative American upon his first contact with Southern Europe. It is spectacle and poem and romance, and he gets from it a pleasure which is inconceivable to the native. Mr. LATHROP is so sensitive an observer, his mind is so shrewd and intelligent, and his literary hand so responsive, that it would not be easy to mention a book upon Spain which is more truly pictorial. It is the high praise of his book that the reader turns the last page with the sense of "having been there."

The touches of Mr. REINHART are very felicitous; and the admirable printing of his designs, reproducing both the force and the delicacy of the drawing, place the book among the finest of illustrated works, and in the best sense. There is a tinkle of guitars and mule bells and convent chimes, a feeling of rich and beautiful architecture, of sloth and decay, of a stagnant but interesting and half-fascinating civilization all through the book, which makes it, as CHARLES LAMB would have said, a bit of "very Spain."

TAMMANY AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

IF there is a man in the city peculiarly fitted by training, experience, character, and ability for the presidency of the Board of Health, it is Professor CHARLES F. CHANDLER. It was but natural, therefore, that his nomination should be rejected by the Board of Aldermen, and that the rejection should be accomplished by the Tammany Democrat-Republican conspiracy. This conspiracy of traders of both political parties aims at the prevention of good government by filling all important offices by mercenary dicker, and resolute opposition to it is the most pressing political duty of all good citizens.

Three thousand of such citizens petitioned the Board of Aldermen to reconsider the rejection. But the Board returned the petition to the Mayor, stating that they had no use for it. Of course they had not, for it did not propose to pay them anything for doing their duty.

Until a new nomination is made Professor CHANDLER will hold over. The Mayor has it in his power, therefore, to retain him either by declining to make any other nomination, or by nominating men of similar character and qualification, and therefore distasteful to the Tammany Ring. We observe that the "County Democracy" are ready to break with Tammany. But they knew its character when they made a bargain with it last autumn as well as they do now.

PARNELL AND DAVITT UPON THE PHŒNIX PARK MURDERS.

NOW that BRADY and CURLEY have been hung for the murder of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH and of Mr. BURKE, and that a priest in this country has declared that the mother of BRADY is a heroine "whose name will live with that of the mother of the MACCABEES and the GRACCHI," it is well to remember what the real Irish leaders at this crisis, by far the most powerful Irish leaders since O'CONNELL, said of the crime for which BRADY and CURLEY have suffered.

Immediately after the murder, which seemed at once to blight the reviving hopes of Ireland, Mr. PARNELL and Mr. DAVITT and Mr. DILLON issued an address to the Irish people, in which they said:

"We feel that no act has been perpetrated in our country during the exciting struggles for social and political rights of the past fifty years that has so stained the name of hospitable Ireland as this cowardly and unprovoked assassination of a friendly stranger, and that until the murderers of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH and Mr. BURKE are brought to justice that stain will sully our country's name."

The Irish in America might well have remembered these words when they assembled to sustain the policy of Mr. DAVITT, and to declare their fidelity to Mr. PARNELL. Those leaders did not pander to that spirit, necessarily fatal to Irish hopes, which, because Ireland has greatly suffered, fears to condemn Irish crime; and nothing in their careers is more honorable or has won for them truer respect than their frank and unequivocal expressions of abhorrence of the assassination.

PERSONAL.

THE conductors of the Fourth Avenue line of street cars receive instructions from the superintendent of the road to "work off" as many "coppers" and "nickels" as they can when giving change to the passengers. It is a solemn part of their duty to "turn in" as few "coppers" and "nickels" as possible, the railroad company not liking to be burdened with any coin more troublesome than silver or gold.

—As a song and chorus for Decoration-day Messrs. W. A. POND & Co. have published "Our Army of the Dead," from WILL CARLETON'S *Farm Ballads*, with music by A. GEIBEL.

—We take pleasure in announcing that Mrs. FRÉDÉRIC DE COPPET, of this city, has endowed free scholarships in the New York College of Music, No. 163 East Seventieth Street, for two young ladies who have good voices, but are without the means necessary to cultivate them. Mr. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN is chairman of the Board of Supervisors of the institution, and Mr. LOUIS ALEXANDER is Director.

—The Rev. Dr. BEVAN, formerly pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York city, made a speech recently in London in favor of disestablishing the English Church. He referred to the example of this country as showing that disestablishment is not injurious to a Church. "In the Territory of Utah, however," he said, "there is still a quasi-established Church; Mormonism lives, and sends its greeting across the water to its sister establishment in England." The reverend doctor's modest little joke was received with "laughter."

—Says Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA: "Successful novelists seem to be almost as popular as jockeys nowadays. It was not always so. I remember at a Greenwich dinner in 1861, when the *Cornhill Magazine* was in the spring of its triumphant success, Mr. THACKERAY said that were he to die just then the *Times* might bestow on him, say, twenty-five lines of obituary notice. But had we a THACKERAY among us nowadays, the leading journal might be expected to honor his memory at his decease with an article of at least two columns and a half."

—"What do the impressionists endeavor to put on their canvases? Their principle," says a late writer, "is that what the eye perceives is simply a colored surface, and this colored surface is what the painter should try to get upon his canvas as roughly and sketchily as possible. It does not rebut the advanced impressionist to tell him that figures painted by persons who are neither draughtsmen nor anatomists are apt to be either shapeless monsters or flabby, rickety creatures like boneless sardines. This disdain for accurate delineation is coupled with wild eccentricity as to color, and a coarse method of painting, very different from the tender suggestiveness of COROT, or the broad, bright effects of CONSTABLE."

—The fortnight's performances at the Memorial Theatre in Stratford-on-Avon in honor of SHAKSPEARE'S birthday closed on the 28th of April, and each one of them was a success. The series began with *The Merchant of Venice*, and was continued on the 23d of April, SHAKSPEARE'S birthday, with *King Lear*, the house being crowded in every part by an enthusiastic audience. The other Shakspearean plays were *Macbeth* and the first part of *King Henry the Fourth*; and the rest of the programme was filled by *Richelieu*, the *Lady of Lyons*, and the *Honeymoon*. On Sunday, the 22d of April, the Rev. FRANK SMITH preached in the parish church, to a large audience, on the genius of SHAKSPEARE.

—The enterprising librarian of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, has informed the readers at that institution that if they will tell him what special subject they are studying he will let them know without delay whenever any work bearing on that subject has been added to the library.

—Professor MAX MÜLLER writes to the editor of the Calcutta *Liberal* that there must be a Sanskrit translation of "God save the Queen." For if those who know Sanskrit, and who are still the guides of the people, are to sing from their very hearts "God save the Queen," in what vernacular can they sing it, save "in their sacred, their beautiful, and their easily intelligible Sanskrit"?

—Responding to the toast, "The Liberalism of the Future," Mr. JOHN MORLEY said a few days ago that during the last ten years a new sentiment and a new opinion had been surging into the House of Commons, namely, that the noble, the professional, and the official classes should no longer have an exclusive voice. He believed that, as a result, public affairs would be better conducted, because they would feel the influence of those who were closer to the vital facts of social life.

—A French critic observes that "Madame DE STAEL'S power was enthusiasm; George Sand's was passion; George Eliot's was sympathy"; but each statement is only fragmentary, and any one of the three proper names could with perfect propriety be used in the nominative clause of either of the sentences.

—Of George Eliot's personal appearance her latest biographer writes: "Her long, pale face, with its strongly marked features, was less rugged in the mature prime of life than in youth, the inner meanings of her nature having worked themselves more and more to the surface, the mouth, with its benignant suavity of expression, especially softening the too prominent under lip and massive jaw. Her abundant hair, untinged with gray, whose smooth bands made a kind of frame to the face, was covered by a lace or muslin cap, with lappets of rich point or Valenciennes lace fastened under the chin. Her gray-blue eyes, under noticeable eyelashes, expressed the same acute sensitiveness as her long, thin, beautifully shaped hands. She had a pleasant laugh and smile, her voice being low, distinct, and intensely sympathetic in quality; it was contralto in singing, but she seldom sang or played before more than one or two friends. Though her conversation was perfectly easy, each sentence was as finished, as perfectly formed, as the style of her published works." This last sentence must doubtless be taken with allowance. A woman whose casual talk was in the style of the *Impressions of Theophrastus Such* would have been an unspeakable bore.

—It now appears, from the memoir of a Frenchwoman, Madame JUNOT, whose mother was from childhood a friend of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S mother, that even when a boy the great soldier was quick to manifest resentment toward girls who displeased him, just as in later years he let the blows of his anger fall upon his wife, upon Madame DE STAEL, upon Madame RÉCAMIER, and history does not know upon how many other women.

—"The two greatest masters of English eloquence" are, according to the London *News*, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT. "Mr. GLADSTONE continues to be as ready, vigorous, full of resource, and eloquent as ever. Nor in Mr. BRIGHT'S case does it seem that age has brought any decay to his faculty of eloquence. Orator as he is, in some qualities the greatest English orator of his day, he never appears to have had any joy in speaking, or even any inclination or impulse to speak, except when it was actually necessary that he should plead a cause. The country is proud of the two men, and proud especially of the work which they have done together."

—In his address as presiding officer of the recent meeting of the Royal Literary Fund—an English charity for the benefit of disabled authors—Lord WOLSELEY told his hearers that many years ago, after the war in China, he had published a book himself. "I believe," he added, "that I am not overstating the case in saying that the book was by general and universal consent pronounced to be the dullest book of the season, and when subsequently I had an interview with the publisher I found that the financial result of the undertaking was no less a failure. Under these circumstances I can not but feel that there is perhaps a certain appropriateness in my being here to-night."

—Mr. E. BURNE-JONES has sent to the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition an oil-painting entitled "Fortune," which represents the goddess standing by the side of a large wheel of golden bronze. "She wears an air of indifference which approaches weariness, and she keeps the wheel in slow and regular motion by the light yet steady pressure of her left hand, while her right hand holds a mass of drapery, which, descending from her shoulders, is girt at her waist, and flows voluminously to her feet. The passionless figure is finely proportioned, her beauty is sculpturesque, and her face has the sadness of MICHAEL ANGELO'S 'Night,'" says the critic of the *Athenæum*. But how does he know that she keeps the wheel in "slow and regular motion"?

—A well-known English literary lady writes thus pleasantly of E. A. ABBEY'S picture in the present Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colors, London: "That charming and popular artist, E. A. ABBEY, a new member of the Institute, makes, we believe, his first appearance as a colorist to the London public in these galleries. 'The Widower,' a low-toned picture, is full of sentiment, tender color, and refined drawing. A man who looks dazed with sorrow stands in a quaint, homely room, while a girl brushes his coat. Near these two figures is seated a dejected-looking little boy. The widower's enormous white hat is almost covered with black crape. As one stands gazing, the story of the picture tells itself with a tender pathos that seems to be as much a gift with this young painter as his faculty for interpreting humor and the beauty of out-door life. He has also two figures full of grace and freshness in a pleasant drawing by ALFRED PARSONS beside the silver Thames."

Apropos of Mr. ABBEY'S success in the Institute we may mention that the London *Pictorial World* has purchased a new water-color picture of his, entitled "Responsibility," which will be engraved for the summer number of that paper.

MR. CHARLES LYMAN, CHIEF EXAMINER CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL.—[SEE PAGE 323.]

THE HON. WILLIAM S. WOODS, UNITED STATES DISTRICT JUDGE, INDIANA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOWER.

THE HON. WILLIAM S. WOODS.

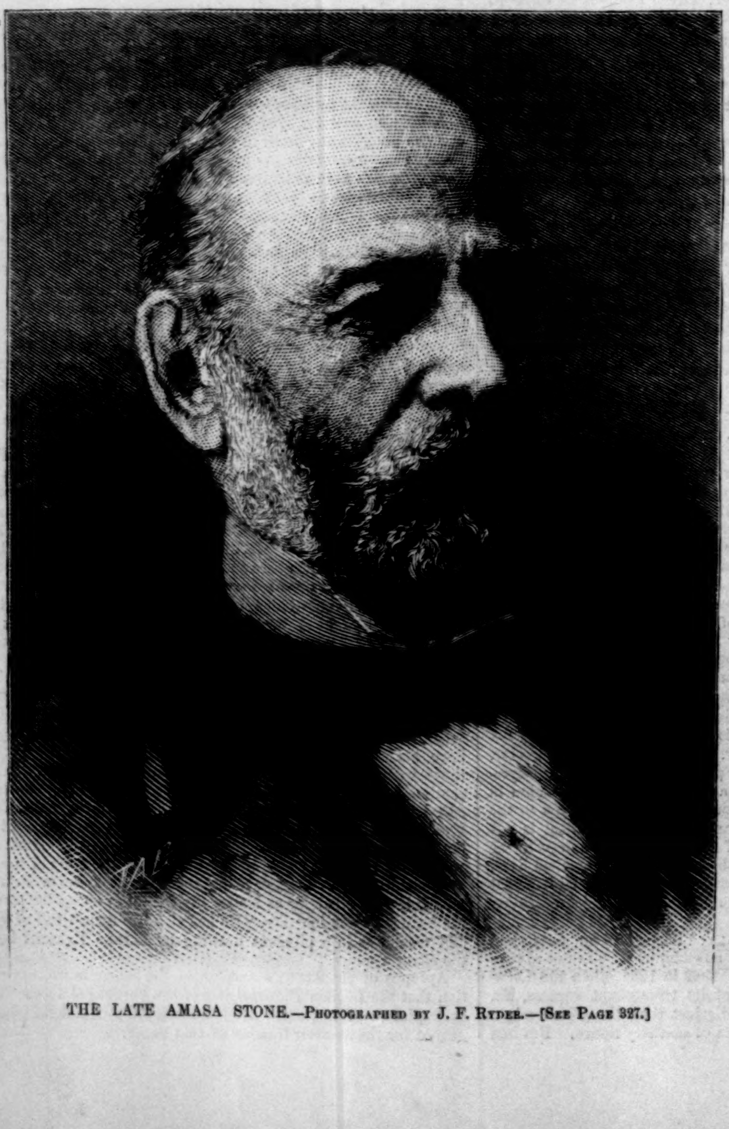
THIS well-known jurist, who has been appointed United States District Judge in Indiana, to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Judge GRESHAM to be Postmaster-General, was born in Tennessee. He was educated at Wabash College, Indiana, and immediately after graduation began the study of law. On being admitted to the bar he settled at Goshen, Indiana, and soon established a high reputation, and was recognized as one of the leaders of the bar in that State. He was elected Circuit Judge, and served with such ability and success that three years ago he was chosen one of the justices of the Supreme Court, of which he was Chief Justice at the time of his recent appointment.

Judge WOODS is about forty-five years of age. He is a man of high character, fine culture, and great learning. His decisions as a judge have always commanded respect for their clearness and ability.

GENERAL GRANT'S MOTHER.

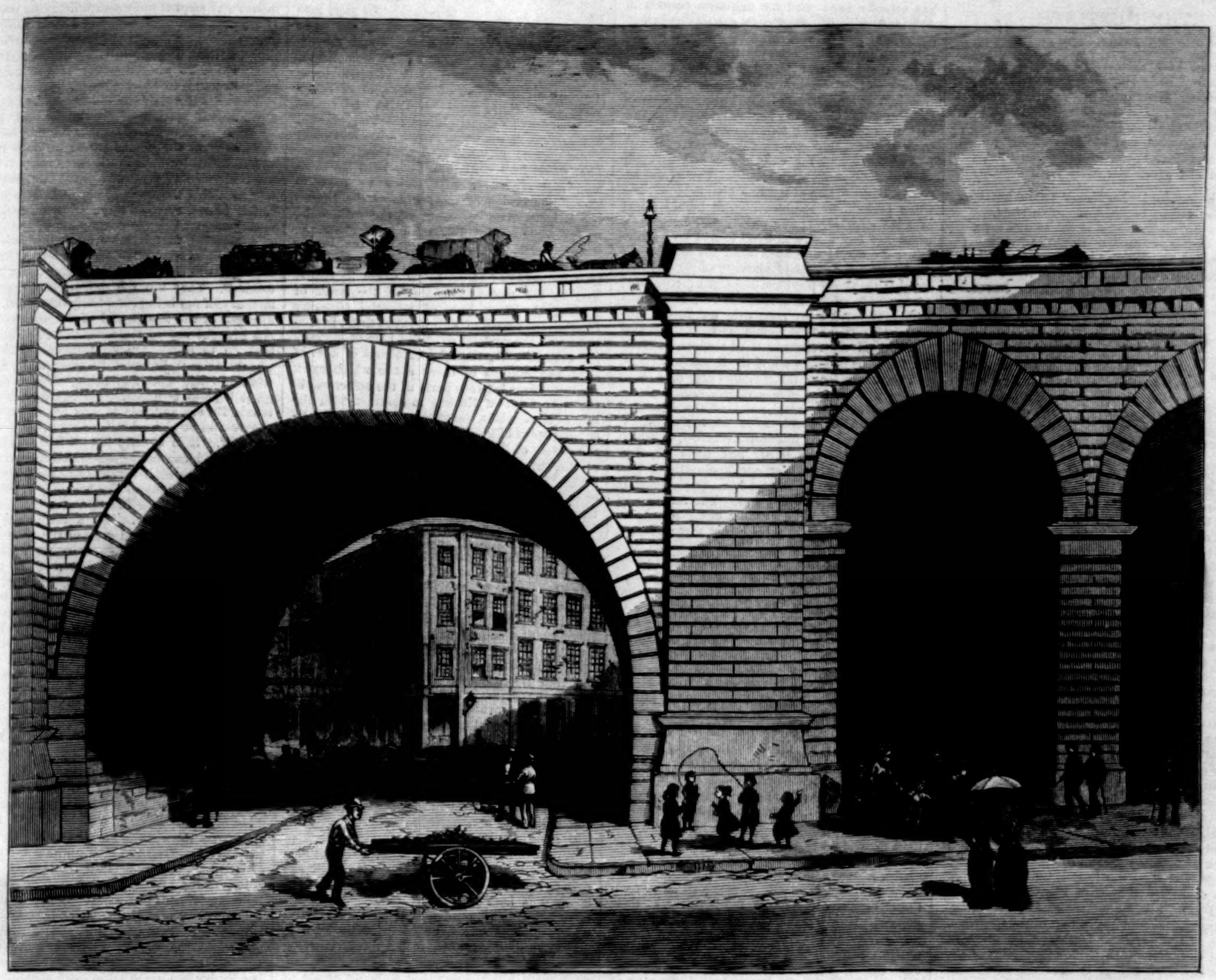
MRS. JESSE R. GRANT, the mother of General GRANT, died at her residence in Jersey City on the 11th inst. She was a native of Pennsylvania, and was born in November, 1798, on her father's farm in Montgomery County. In her youth her family removed to Ohio. She was married in June, 1821, to JESSE R. GRANT. Their first child was the boy who was destined to become the foremost general of his country.

MRS. GRANT was of Scotch origin, a woman of uniform gentleness and amiability, and yet of firm character. After her husband's death in 1874 she resided with her son-in-law, Mr. ABEL R. CORBIN, in Elizabeth, New Jersey, until his death in 1879, when she removed with her widowed daughter to Jersey City. Her death calls to mind a letter which her son wrote to her forty-four years ago, when he was a West Point cadet, expressing a hope that has been wonderfully fulfilled. "Your kind words of admonition," he wrote, "are ever present with me. How well do they strengthen me in every good word and work! Should I become a soldier for my country, I look forward with hope to have you spared to share with me in any advancement I may gain, and I trust my future conduct will prove me worthy of the patriotic instruction you and father have given me."



THE LATE AMASA STONE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. F. RYDER.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

THE LATE MRS. JESSE R. GRANT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. LANDY.



ARCHWAY UNDER APPROACH, NEW YORK SIDE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

CABLE ANCHORAGE, BROOKLYN SIDE, AS IT APPEARED BEFORE COMPLETION.

THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.—[SEE PAGE 326.]

THE NUPTIALS.

New York and Brooklyn, May 24, 1883.

The nuptial knot at last is firmly tied:
A hundred bells ring out a merry chime,
A hundred wires proclaim to every clime,
Manhattan takes fair Brooklyn for his bride.
In strength and beauty growing side by side,
Cities betrothed, you waited vigorous prime,
Like steadfast lovers of the olden time,
Ere gain and greed our early faith defied.

We wish you joy! No longer twain but one,
Forever bound in links of triple steel,
You need no marriage ritual to rehearse,
Which Venice chanted to bright Adria won;
No golden ring; the service now is real:
"Each other take for better or for worse!"

Wallace Bruce.

THE BRIDGE AS A MONUMENT.

Mr. William C. Conant's paper on the Brooklyn Bridge, in Harper's Magazine for May, leaves nothing to be desired in the way of a popular account of the work of twelve years, of which the imposing result is now to be dedicated to the public use. A few figures, however, may be given here.

The total length of the bridge is 5989 feet, of which the central span between the towers is 1595 feet 6 inches, the "land spans" from the towers to the anchorages each 930 feet, the approach on the New York side 1562 feet 6 inches, and on the steeper Brooklyn side 971 feet. These dimensions do not make this the longest bridge in the world. But there is no single span which approaches the central span over the East River. It is half as long again as Roebling's Cincinnati bridge (1057 feet between towers), and nearly twice as long as the same engineer's Niagara bridge (821 feet). The span of the ill-fated bridge over the Ohio at Wheeling, which was built in 1848 and blown down in 1854, was 1010 feet. Noteworthy suspension-bridges in Europe are Telford's over the Menai Straits (589 feet), finished in 1825; Chaley's bridge at Fribourg (870 feet), finished in 1834; and Tierney Clark's bridge over the Danube at Pesth (670 feet), finished in 1849. The longest spans bridged otherwise than by a roadway hung from cables are the central spans of Stephenson's Britannia (box girder) Bridge (459 feet), and of Eads's St. Louis bridge of steel arches (520 feet). The largest span of an arch of masonry known to have been built in a bridge (251 feet) was in that built in the fourteenth century, and destroyed by Carmagnola in the fifteenth, which crossed the Adda at Trezzo. The largest now standing is that of the Grosvenor Bridge at Chester (200 feet), and the next the central arch of London Bridge (152 feet).

The Brooklyn Bridge is thus one of the mechanical wonders of the world, one of the greatest and most characteristic of the monuments of the nineteenth century. Its towers, at least, bid fair to outlast every structure of which they command a view. When our New-Zealander takes his stand above the saddles which are now ridden by the cables of the bridge, to look over the site of a forsaken city, there will be no ruins of churches—at least of churches now in being—for him to sketch or see. The web of woven steel which now hangs between the stark masses of the towers may have disappeared, its slender filaments rusted into nothingness under the slow corrosion of the centuries. Its builders and the generation for which they wrought may have been as long forgotten as are now the builders of the Pyramids, whereof the traveller, "as he paceth amazedly those deserts," asks the Historic Muse "who builded them; and she mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not." It is not unimaginable that our future archæologist, looking from one of these towers upon the solitude of a mastless river and a dispeopled land, may have no other means of reconstructing our civilization than that which is furnished him by the tower on which he stands. What will his judgment of us be?

This, or something like this, ought to be a question with every man who builds a structure which is meant to outlast him, whether it be a temple of religion or a work of bare utility like this. It so happens that the work which is likely to be our most durable monument, and which is likely to convey some knowledge of us to the most remote posterity, is a work of bare utility; not a shrine, not a fortress, not a palace, but a bridge. This is of itself characteristic of our time. It is true of no other people since the Romans, and of none before. As with the Roman work, the duration of this work of ours will show that we knew how to build. "A Roman work," we often hear it said of the bridge, and it is in many ways true. It is far beyond any Roman monument in refinement of mechanical skill. It is Roman in its massiveness and durability. It is Roman, too, in its disregard of art, in resting satisfied with the practical solution of the great problem of its builders, without a sign of that skill which would have explained and emphasized the process of construction at every step, and everywhere, in whole and in part, made the structure tell of the work it was doing. There have been periods in history when this æsthetic purpose would have seemed to the builder of such a monument as much a matter of course, as necessary a part of his work, as the practical purpose which animated the designer of the Brooklyn Bridge. It would have seemed so to the engineer of a bridge in Athens in the second century before our era, or to the engineer of a bridge in Western Europe in the thirteenth century of our era. The utilitarian treatment of our monument is as striking and as characteristic a mark of the period as its utilitarian purpose. It is a noble work of engineering; it is not a work of architecture.

Reduced to its simplest expression, and as it has actually been used for unknown periods in Asia and in South America, a suspension-bridge consists of two parallel ropes swung from side to side of a ravine, and carrying the platform over which the passenger walks. As the span increases, so that the dip makes the ropes impracticable, the land ends of the ropes are hoisted some distance above the roadway which they carry. If nothing can be found there strong enough to hold them, they are simply passed over, say, forked trees, and the ends made fast to other trees or held down with stones. This is the essential construction of the Brooklyn Bridge. The ropes become four cables sixteen inches thick, of 5541 steel wires; the forked tree becomes a tower 276 feet high, and 8260 feet in area at the base; the bowlder to hold down the end of the rope becomes a mass of masonry of 60,000 tons weight; the shaky platform becomes a great street, 85 feet wide, of five firm roadways. But the man who first carried his rope over the forked tree was the inventor of the elements which, developed through all the refinements of modern mechanics, form the groundwork of the Brooklyn Bridge.

This statement of the germinal idea of a chain bridge will perhaps give a clearer notion of the functions of the several parts of the Brooklyn Bridge than a consideration of the complicated structure in its ultimate evolution, in which these functions are partly lost sight of. But if the structure had been architecturally designed, these things would have been emphasized at every point and in every way. The function of the great "towers," so called, being merely to hold up the cables, it is plain that three isolated piers would have performed that function. But in order at once to stiffen and to load the piers, the openings through which the roadways run are closed above by steep pointed arches, and their spandrels filled with a wall which rises to the summit of the piers, where a flat coping covers the whole. There is a woful lack of expression in this arrangement. The piers should assert themselves starkly and unmistakably as the bones of the structure, and the wall above the arches be subordinated to a mere filling. It should be distinctly withdrawn from the face of the piers instead of being, as in fact it is, only distinguished from them by their shallow and ineffectual projections. It should be distinctly dropped below their summits instead of rising to the same height, and being included under a common cornice. To see what a difference in effect this very obvious differentiation of parts would have made, glance at a sketch in Harper's Magazine for June of a suspension-bridge at Minneapolis. This is not, upon the whole, a laudable design, and contains several survivals of conventional architectural forms meaningless in their present place. But the mere subduing of the archway to a street between the piers explains, not forcibly, indeed, nor elegantly, but unmistakably, the main purpose of the structure, and the functional relation of its parts. A drawing of one of the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge without its cables would tell the spectator nothing; the structure itself will tell our New-Zealander nothing of its uses. With its flat top and its level coping, indicating that the whole was meant to be evenly loaded, it would seem to be the base of a missing superstructure rather than what it is.

The flatness of the top alone conceals instead of expressing the structure. It is of the first practical necessity that the great cables should move freely in their saddles, so as always to keep the pressure upon the piers directly vertical, and very ingenious appliances have been employed to attain this end, and to avoid chafing the cables. But the design of the piers themselves tells us absolutely nothing of all this. The cable simply disappears on one side and re-appears on the other, as if it were two separate cables, one on each side, instead of one continuous chain. Look at the section of the top of the tower on page 945 of Harper's Magazine for May, and see how an exquisite refinement of mechanical arrangement may co-exist with absolute insensibility to the desirableness even of an architectural expression of this arrangement. The architecture of this crowning member of the tower has nothing whatever to do with the purpose for which the structure exists. Is it not perfectly evident that an architectural expression of this mechanical arrangement would require that the line of the summit, instead of this meaningless flat coping, should, to begin with, be a crest of roof, its double slope following the line of the cable which it shelters? Here the very channel through which the cable runs is not designed, but is a mere hole occurring casually, and not by premeditation, in the midst of the mouldings which form the cornice of the towers. This is architectural barbarism.

Other opportunities offered for architectural expression in the towers themselves were in the treatment of the buttresses, in the treatment of the balconies which girdle the tower at the height of the roadway, and in the modelling of the arches. The girth of each of the towers at the water-line is 398 feet. At the roof course it is 378 feet. The reduction is effected by means of five or six offsets, which withdrew each face of the tower four feet between the bottom and the top, and each end six feet. The counter-forts, eight in all, on the sides of the outer piers and on the faces of all the piers, are mere applied strips, very shallow in proportion to their width, and terminating in the capital-like projections which are casually pierced to receive the cables. It may make, perhaps, no serious difference in the mechanical efficiency of these counter-forts whether their area is narrow and deep or broad and shallow. But an increase of depth in proportion to width would of itself, with its higher lights and sharper shadows, have made forcible masses of what are now ineffectual features. This inherent effect would be very greatly enhanced if the offsets themselves were accentuated by sharp and decisive modelling. As it is, emphasis seems to have been studiously avoided. The offsets are merely long batterings of the wall, which do nothing to separate the piers into related parts with definite transitions, and so to refine the crudity of the masses. To see the difference between a mechanical and a monumental conception of a great structure, compare these towers with the front of Amiens, or of Strasburg, or of Notre Dame of Paris. Of course the designer of a modern bridge must not attempt to reproduce in his work "those misty masses of multitudinous pinnacle and diademed tower." That would be a more fatal fault than the rudeness and crudeness with which we have to charge the design of the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge. The ornament of the cathedrals, so far as it is separable from their structure, has nothing for the designer of the bridge even of suggestion. But to see how masses may be modelled so as to be made to speak, look at the modelled masses of the tower of Amiens, the stark lines of essential structure framing the screen of wall between them, in contrast with the uniform deadness here of buttress and curtain wall; the crisp emphasis of lines of light and hollows of black shade which mark the transitions between parts of the structures in the west front of Rheims in contrast with the lack of emphasis in the offsets of the bridge tower; the spirit of the gargoyled balconies that belt the towers of Notre Dame and the spiritlessness of the balconies that encircle the tower of the bridge. And note too (we are not now speaking of the decoration of the cathedrals) that all this transcendent superiority arises merely from a development and emphasis of the inherent expression of the masses themselves, which in the bridge are left so crude, and in the cathedral towers are refined so far. It need not, and indeed should not, have been carried so far in this architecture of reason and utility as in the architecture of a poetical religion. The mere rudiments of these works would have furnished all the expression that is necessary or desirable here. But these rudiments are wanting. What can we say but that the designer of the cathedral began where the designer of the bridge left off? If our New-Zealander should extend his travels and come upon these monuments also, what would be his surprise at finding documentary proof that the bridge was built six hundred years after the cathedral, and that the generation which built the bridge looked backward and downward upon the generation which built the cathedral as rude and barbarous and unreasoning in comparison with themselves?

What we have said of the towers is true also of the anchorages. The bowlder which the Peruvian rolls upon the end of his rope to hold it down is here a mass of 60,000 tons. Scientifically it is adjusted to its purpose, no doubt, with the most exact nicety. Artistically it is still but a bowlder rolled upon a rope. It would probably be impracticable to exhibit the anchor plate which takes the ultimate strain of this mile and more of cable, though we may be sure that our Greek or our Gothic bridge-builder would not have admitted its impracticability without as exhaustive an investigation as the modern bridge-builder has given to the mechanical aspects of his problem. But it was certainly practicable to indicate the function of the anchorage itself, to build it up in masses which should seem to hold the cable to the earth, or a double arch like—or rather unlike—the double arch of the main tower, turned between piers which should visibly answer the same purpose. Instead of either of these, or of any technical device for the same purpose, the weight above it is a crude mass, so far from being adapted to its function in its form that one has to look with some care to find it from the street below, and to distinguish it from the approaches.

The approaches themselves are greatly impressive, as indeed the towers are also, by magnitude and massiveness. The street bridges are uniformly imposing by size and span, and especially attractive also by reason of the fact that through them we get what is to be got nowhere else in our rectangular city, glimpses and "bits" of buildings. The most successful of them all, and the most successful feature architecturally of all the masonry of the bridge, is the simple, massive, and low bridge of two arches which spans North William Street in New York. The arcades between the streets are imposing by number and repetition as well as by massiveness, and by the Roman durability which marks all the work. They suffer, however, from two causes. The coping, the arches, and the piers, which are the emphatic parts of structure, are lighter in color than the unemphasized and rock-faced fields of the wall, and this is always a misfortune when it is not an error. The arches are of the form called "Florentine," that is to say, round within and pointed without. The deepest voussoirs are thus those at the crown of the arch. This is the reverse of the disposition which would be dictated by mechanical considerations alone. Architecturally it has the drawback of interrupting at every arch the successive and diminishing wheelings which make a long arcade of great openings so impressive in a perspective view. The form seems to have been chosen on account of the facility it afforded by lengthening the upper voussoirs to conform the ridge line of the arches to the slope of the roadway, while keeping the springing line horizontal. This gradual diminution of the arches shoreward enhances the apparent length of the approach looking in that direction, but correspondingly shortens it looking toward the bridge; and it seems, upon the whole, that it would have been better to carry the arches through level, without attempting to dissemble the difference between their line and that of the roadway. There are some shabby and flimsy details of iron-work, which mar the monumental effect of the great roadway itself, while the design of the iron stations at either end is grossly illiterate, and discreditable to the great work. Imitations in cast iron of stone capitals surmount and emphatically contradict posts profusely studded with bolt-heads; and other solecisms, alike against constructional reason and architectural tradition, are rife in these unfortunate edifices, which do what they can to vulgarize the great structure to which they give access.

Vulgarity certainly can not be charged against any integral portion of the great work itself. There is nothing frivolous and nothing ostentatious even in the details which we have noted, and in which we have not been so much criticising the crowning work of a great engineer's career as noting the spirit of our age. It is scarcely fair to say, even, as was said by an architectural journal when the completion of the bridge was doubtful, that if it were left incomplete its towers would stand "in unnecessary ugliness." Its defects in design are not misdeeds, but shortcomings. They are the defects of being rudimentary, of not being completely developed. The anatomy of the towers and of the anchorages is not brought out in their modelling. Their fingers, so to speak, are all thumbs. Their impressiveness is inherent in their mass, and is what it could not help being. The ugliest of great bridges is undoubtedly Stephenson's Britannia Bridge, and this is ugly not because it is square and straight, but because it tells nothing of itself. It is a mere flat surface and almost absolutely inexpressive, compared, for example, with such a piece of iron-work as the truss which carries the roadway of the bridge over Franklin Square, in which the function of every joint and member is apparent. But a far nobler thing than this is the central span of the great bridge itself, its roadway slowly sweeping upward to meet the swift downward sweep of its cables. We have complained of the lack of expression in the towers of their anatomy, but this is anatomy only, a skeletonized structure in which, as in a scientific diagram, we see—even the layman sees—the interplay of forces represented by an abstraction of lines. What monument of any architecture can speak its story more clearly and more forcibly than this gossamer architecture, through which its purpose, like the spider's touch,

"so exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line"?

This aerial bow, as it hangs between the busy cities, "curving on a sky imbrued with color," is perfect as an organism of nature. It is an organism of nature. There was no question in the mind of its designer of "good taste" or of appearance. He learned the law that struck its curves, the law that fixed the strength and the relation of its parts, and he applied the law. His work is beautiful as the work of a ship-builder is unfailingly beautiful in the forms and outlines in which he is only studying "what the water likes," without a thought of beauty, and as it is almost unfailingly ugly when he does what he likes for the sake of beauty. The designer of the Brooklyn Bridge has made a beautiful structure out of an exquisite refinement of utility, in a work in which the lines of forces constitute the structure. Where a more massive material forbade him to skeletonize the structure, and the lines of effort and resistance needed to be brought out by modelling, he has failed to bring them out, and his structure is only as impressive as it needs must be. It has not helped his work, as we have seen, to trust his own sense of beauty, and to contradict or to conceal what he was doing in accordance with its dictates. As little would it have helped him to invoke the aid of a commonplace architect to plaster his structure with triglyphs or to indent it with trefoils. But an architect who pursued his calling in the spirit and with the skill of the mediæval builders of whom we have been speaking, who knew in his province the lesson the engineer has re-enforced in his, that "nature can only be commanded by obeying her," and that the function of an organism, in art as in nature, must determine its form—such an architect might have helped the designer of the Brooklyn Bridge to make it one of the noblest monuments of architecture in the world, as it is one of the greatest and most honorable works of engineering.

Montgomery Schuyler.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH EDUCATION.

"The educational history of the current year," says the London *Times* of its own country, "is, upon the whole, a most satisfactory history." It is with a sense of regret, almost of shame, that we turn to review our own educational condition as painted in the recent census. The boast of our parent land can not be repeated here. We have neglected the care of the intellect, and in many parts of the country have made little or no educational progress. The *Times* may well boast of the steady advance of "the Education Department," and Mr. Mundella's report is full of instruction. In England education is universal and compulsory. No one is allowed to escape the keen observation of the school commissioner. The parent who refuses to send his child to school, whatever his rank, is fined or imprisoned. The school system within ten years has been extended over the whole country, and a rigid, impartial execution of the law has been followed by results unparalleled in the history of education. Never has a nation been so suddenly made intelligent. It is estimated that only a few of the children of England of the new generation would be unable to read and write. Of the past generation only a small proportion ever entered a school, and the village schools were usually taught by teachers scarcely able to read and write themselves.

In England it appears that there is now room in the schools for the full number of children required by law to attend them. Four and a half millions are in attendance. The school age extends from three to thirteen, but the compulsory rule does not begin until five. As yet the Eng-

lish system teaches only the elements of knowledge; the higher branches of instruction have not yet been thrown open to all; but the remarkable change that has passed over the country in the course of ten years, and which has driven nearly all its children into the schools, is singularly instructive. It shows how readily a little energy may educate a nation. Several of our large and prosperous States are in a condition resembling that of England twelve years ago. Georgia, Texas, Mississippi, and nearly the whole section south of the Ohio are shown by the recent census to require a stringent educational law. There are few school-houses, and little progress. They want something of the energy shown by the educators of Europe. A few years of resolute labor would make Georgia as intelligent as England, and cover the fertile fields of Texas with an educated population.

France, we are told by M. Monod, has been equally fortunate during the past year. The educational work accomplished there is said to be "magnificent." M. Ferry, the head of the department, has given himself to the great labor of reforming the system of public instruction. The whole Republican party, animated by a noble zeal for education, has sustained him. "Republicans have felt," says M. Monod, "that it is by education that they can best make the whole of France Republican." A compulsory education law has been passed that has brought nearly the whole school population into the schools. Money is spent liberally by the government on school-houses and apparatus. The salaries of the teachers are advancing. Religious instruction is given out of the schools. M. Ferry has even given a new impulse to secondary education; and France may yet lead all the European nations in its system of public instruction. It may be the first to create a governing class of highly cultivated men and women, the first to discover the singular power of an educated community. But as yet the French schools aim chiefly at elementary teaching. The nation must first be rescued from barbarous ignorance. Its young men and women may next be led on to the highest branches of knowledge, and noble thoughts and generous purposes become the ruling traits of the new generations. Thus the educational year of these two ancient nations has been a prosperous one. They have laid the foundations for a period of mental advance. They have resolutely assailed the sources of ignorance. They have met an opposition from the conservative ranks apparently overwhelming. In France, the ultramontane clergy and its followers, in England, the extreme Tories and Churchmen, have incessantly assailed the public schools. "They are godless," they exclaim, "immoral, republican." But an unprecedented majority of the people of both countries have pronounced in favor of education. On that point there is no longer any doubt. The people everywhere are on the side of knowledge. It is the encouraging trait of modern politics. The lesson is one that we may well study. Our own educational career is not so prosperous as it should be. We have yet millions to educate. Three millions of our children have no school to go to. We have to provide first for this pressing evil. But still more must we at last provide the highest education for all our people, must cultivate a governing class full of generous thoughts and honest impulses, an intelligent community, a people equal and united.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

ONE OF THE JOYS OF LIVING.

ONE of the joys of living, one of the gladdest things,
It is to see the sun come out and flood the earth with gold,
After the weary raining the spring so often brings,
With skies of gray, and meadows dank, and dreary days and cold;

For then the cheery crocus its pretty buds unfolds,
And shows its bloom in purple dyed and gayest yellow too,
And with a fragrant welcome the hyacinth beholds
Beside it shyly blossoming the scilla brightly blue.

Then smile the sweet-breathed jonquil and jaunty daffodil,
And waves the crown-imperial its leaves of glossy green,
As pushing upward, upward, it never stops until
It wears the richest diadem in garden ever seen.

Then soft the grasses whisper, "Soon, daisies, you may grow,"
And from the boughs of maple-trees burst tender sprays of red,
And down the hills the rippling rills with pleasant murmurs flow,
And life springs up anew where late was left the winter's dead.

Ay! after the weary raining that spring so often brings,
With skies of gray, and meadows dank, and dreary days and cold,
'Tis one of the joys of living, one of the gladdest things,
To see the sun come out again and flood the earth with gold.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

SPARROWS IN SPRING.

JUDGING from the sparrows, spring has returned. They have already commenced their annual house-hunting among the little tenements placed for their convenience in the trees of the public squares and avenues, and here and there a more sanguine couple than the rest have actually begun to furnish house. Birds may be seen hopping about with little feathers in their beaks, and long threads may be noticed straggling out of the doors of the houses. They sit, too, on the platforms with a possessive air that is quite unmistakable. "This house is let," they seem to say.

It is a proud fact that I am somewhat of an authority on the sparrow. I have studied it in four continents, and am therefore justified in arrogance on this momentous topic. Have I not seen the little rascal following British armies in Asia and Africa, taking possession of villages and towns before even the commander-in-chief had formally declared them occupied? In the Afghan war they presumptuously accompanied, even sometimes outflying, the British commissariat wagons, and on the historic levels of Candahar they perched on the general's flag-staff within five minutes of its erection. In the Zulu campaign they preceded the troops from camp to camp, asserting the rights of conquerors before even Gatlings and bayonets dared to do so, and shaming the timidity of Lord Chelmsford's advance. In America, from the Eastern States they are advancing to the Pacific, and from the Western to the Atlantic. But as yet they have only got a part of the way—the Eastern birds as far as Canada, and the Western as far as Truckee. But eventually, of course, they will meet, these two advancing streams of emigrants—somewhere probably about Cheyenne—and will thus possess themselves of the whole continent.

As in Australia so in America, too much has been made of the small impostor. He has been imported in a paroxysm of Old-World enthusiasm as a grub-eater, and what has the villain "sparrow" done for you after all? He has driven all your own pretty American caterpillar-eating birds away, and has done nothing in return except loaf about your stables and exploit the roadways. You have put little houses up for him in all your trees. Yet he has done absolutely nothing toward eating your caterpillars. Walk down Washington Square in July, and see if I am not right. The sidewalk is horrible with squashed worms of a hairy kind. Look at the trees now in spring, and see the cocoons of your future tormentors hanging down from the boughs. Why does not that sparrow eat them? Why? Because he is too well fed already.

I have little patience with the scamp. Others have spoken rapturously of him; I can not.

In fairy-tale how does the sparrow stand? He gave sound advice to his sons of an exasperating fatherly kind. What then? Did his sons come to a good end? He harbored a most diabolical hatred against a certain carter, which ended in the ruin of the man and of his whole household.

In Holy Writ he is, apparently, a bird of some importance, for he is repeatedly mentioned. But, alas! these are only "accidents of translation"; for "the sparrow" means only something that is as nearly as possible valueless. All the sanctity, therefore, that has gathered round this particular bird is misplaced, for, after all, the word means nothing more than the most worthless thing that could be thought of. "Are not *six* sparrows sold for a farthing?" In Rabbinical tradition the name stands as a synonym for "littleness." But he has commended himself to public esteem by his familiarity, and also by a certain prepossession in his favor on account of vague theories as to his "domesticity." Sparrows are certainly of a conjugal kind. Some, indeed, are uxorious even to Mohammedanism:

"The sparrow, meanest of the feathered race,
His fit companion finds in every place,
With whom he pecks the grain that suits him best,
Flits here and there, and late returns to rest;
And whom if chance the falcon makes to prey,
Or hedger with his belt-aimed arrow stay,
For no such loss the gay survivor grieves:
New love he seeks, a new delight receives."

But into the great duty of nest-building they plunge with a zest which is wonderful to see, and such is their enthusiasm in research and collection that if they saw a chance of taking the fur off a cat's back they would make an attempt to get it. A flock of wool rolling idly over and over along the pathway will fetch down a sparrow from his perch, where scattered crumbs would fail to tempt him, and over a fluffy feather rival builders will fight with the utmost energy. Horse-hair, Berlin wool, or rags excite the little couples to very daring enterprises, and a ragged door-mat or littered hay will nerve them to feats of high emprise that their hearts at any other time than spring would quail from.

"The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves
To seize the fair occasion; well they eye
The scattered grain, and, thievishly resolved
To escape the impending famine, often scared,
As oft return—a pert, voracious kind."

But they have a great end in view: nothing else, in short, than filling up a certain water pipe with rubbish, so that eventually there may be a sufficiently solid surface for the hen-bird to lay her speckled eggs upon. It does not matter to the attached pair that the pipe is open at the other end, and that a careful house-maid sweeps up daily all the fragments of cloth and straw and string which they have been laboriously dropping down into the insatiable tube. Perhaps, though, they *do* know it, and only pretend to be ignorant of the fact, so that they may have the excuse to go on building and courting.

"Uxorious ingrate, bird obscene,
Begone; with flagging wings sit down
On some old penthouse near the town,
The brewer's stables; peck thy grain,
And wash it down with puddled rain,
And hear thy dirty offspring squall
From bottles on a suburb wall."

At any rate, it is beyond doubt that if the sparrow's domestic arrangements are finished early, and his family hatched and reared before those of his neighbors, the self-denying bird thinks nothing—a mere trifle at most—of beginning it all over again, just to keep his friends in countenance, as it were. A succession of nests and nestlings will thus make the small bird happy from spring to autumn; and observing how hearty that happiness is, no one can grudge the sparrow its excess of family responsibilities. Yet, however late it may protract the conclusion of its home arrangements, the sparrow does not begin them until it is sure that spring has come.

PHIL ROBINSON.

THE LATE AMASA STONE.

ON page 324 we give the portrait of the late AMASA STONE, of Cleveland, Ohio, who took his own life, in a temporary aberration of mind, on the 11th inst. Ill health, combined with large pecuniary losses, had greatly depressed his spirits of late, and he had suffered much from insomnia. Mr. STONE, besides being a prominent railroad contractor, was largely interested in business enterprises. He was a gentleman of high and honorable character, a wise benefactor of the poor, and greatly esteemed by all who knew him.

It is estimated that Mr. STONE has left a fortune of about $10,000,000, and that his recent losses have not affected his property to any noticeable extent. Mr. STONE leaves a widow and two daughters, one of them the wife of Colonel JOHN HAY.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE Governor of Martinique invited the wives of the prominent negroes of the island to his last official ball, and has announced that he will hereafter make no social distinction between the colored and the white people. During the later years of French rule in Hayti colored men and women were usually present at the official receptions, but in the other French West Indian colonies they have always been practically banished from the presence of the local Governors. Governor Allégre's reasons for extending the hospitalities of his mansion to the colored people are not made known. Perhaps he is actuated solely by the absence of reasons why they should be excluded. In Hayti the negroes have the upper hand socially and politically, and those who are partly of white blood are in extreme disfavor just now, the revolutionist party being composed almost wholly of mulattoes.

An English paper says that the wife of a laborer was found recently hanging by the neck from the branch of a tree near her residence, and although the facts brought forward at the inquest pointed clearly to self-destruction, the jury expressed the opinion that her death resulted from inflammation of the bowels and rheumatism in the knees. This verdict does not compare favorably with that made by a Western jury in our own land—"Blode up by a biler"—which, although wanting in literary finish, had the merits of brevity, directness, and harmony with the facts.

It is said that the first use of postage stamps in the United States was in 1845, when Postmaster E. A. Mitchell, of New Haven, procured printed stamps, which he used for two years, until the first postage stamps were issued by the government. His idea was borrowed from England, where stamps had been in use for some time.

Disappointment is expressed in England because the famous Scotland Yard detectives have been outdone by the Birmingham police in the matter of dynamite discoveries. The Irish informers have, however, been more serviceable than even the Birmingham detectives.

An Eastern rajah has ordered to be built for him a musical contrivance which will be even better suited to the requirements of Oriental indolence than the easy-playing barrel-organ would be. It is nothing less than a musical couch, that will begin to make music when he reclines upon it. The wood-work is to be of rose-wood, heavily plated with embossed and engraved silver, and the mattress is to be covered with embroidered blue damask. His Highness left to the maker of this unique piece of furniture the selection of the airs which are to soothe him to sleep. They are to be taken from the works of Gounod.

The recent burning of the little village of Vallorbes, in Switzerland, was an event of considerable moment to one of the great industries of the earth. The watchmakers' files produced in Vallorbes are as celebrated in their way as the cutlery of Sheffield. The workshops were not burned, but until new dwellings are provided for the men the work can not be resumed.

Some one with a thirst for facts and figures has computed that if Madame Patti returns to the United States next season and sings for five thousand dollars a night, she will receive when singing in *Lucia* four dollars and forty-four cents for each breath while on the stage, four dollars and sixteen cents for each word, and one dollar and seventy-five cents for each note. He estimates that the opera requires her to be on the stage sixty-two minutes, and that she will draw eighteen breaths a minute, and claims to have ascertained that she will have to sing twelve hundred words and twenty-eight hundred notes.

"Summer-resort English" is a term applied in Boston to the language in which the current descriptions of sea-side and mountain hotels are written.

Soap-bubble parties are a new "social craze" in the West. The lady blowing the biggest bubble wins a prize. The exercise is beneficial to the lungs, though it is not to be compared with that of acting as chief bugler at a cadet school for deaf-mutes.

The season opens well in respect to making quick passages across the Atlantic. A few days ago the famous *Alaska* finished a westward passage in better time than she or any other vessel had ever made before. More recently the new steam-ship *Normandie*, which was expected to be a fast boat, fully justified expectations by finishing a voyage from Havre in, it is believed, the quickest time of which there is any record. Previously to setting out she made a trial trip of nine hundred miles, in the course of which she attained a speed of seventeen and one-fourth knots an hour.

The name of the post-office of Nope, in Dukes County, Massachusetts, was not regarded by those receiving their mail there as sufficiently pleasing to the ear; so they had it changed to Squibnocket, and are happy.

A student from the Indian Territory is in the graduating class at Roanoke College, and is to deliver his Commencement oration in the Choctaw tongue. Even the faculty won't know when to applaud.

In the first trial of her sailing qualities with another craft the handsome schooner yacht *Grayling* met with a mishap which will be regarded as an unlucky omen by superstitious sailors, and as nearly all sailors are superstitious, the mishap may prove to be a serious obstacle to the performance of the good work that was expected of her. The "twister" in which she was caught and capsized the other day in the lower bay was no ordinary squall, however, since the *Montauk* escaped a similar mishap by letting all sheets go by the run, and the *Gracie* had even a narrower escape. It was believed that the *Grayling* would come to the front as one of the best schooner yachts of her size afloat. Her failure to do so does not necessarily follow from her unfortunate experience at the outset of her career.

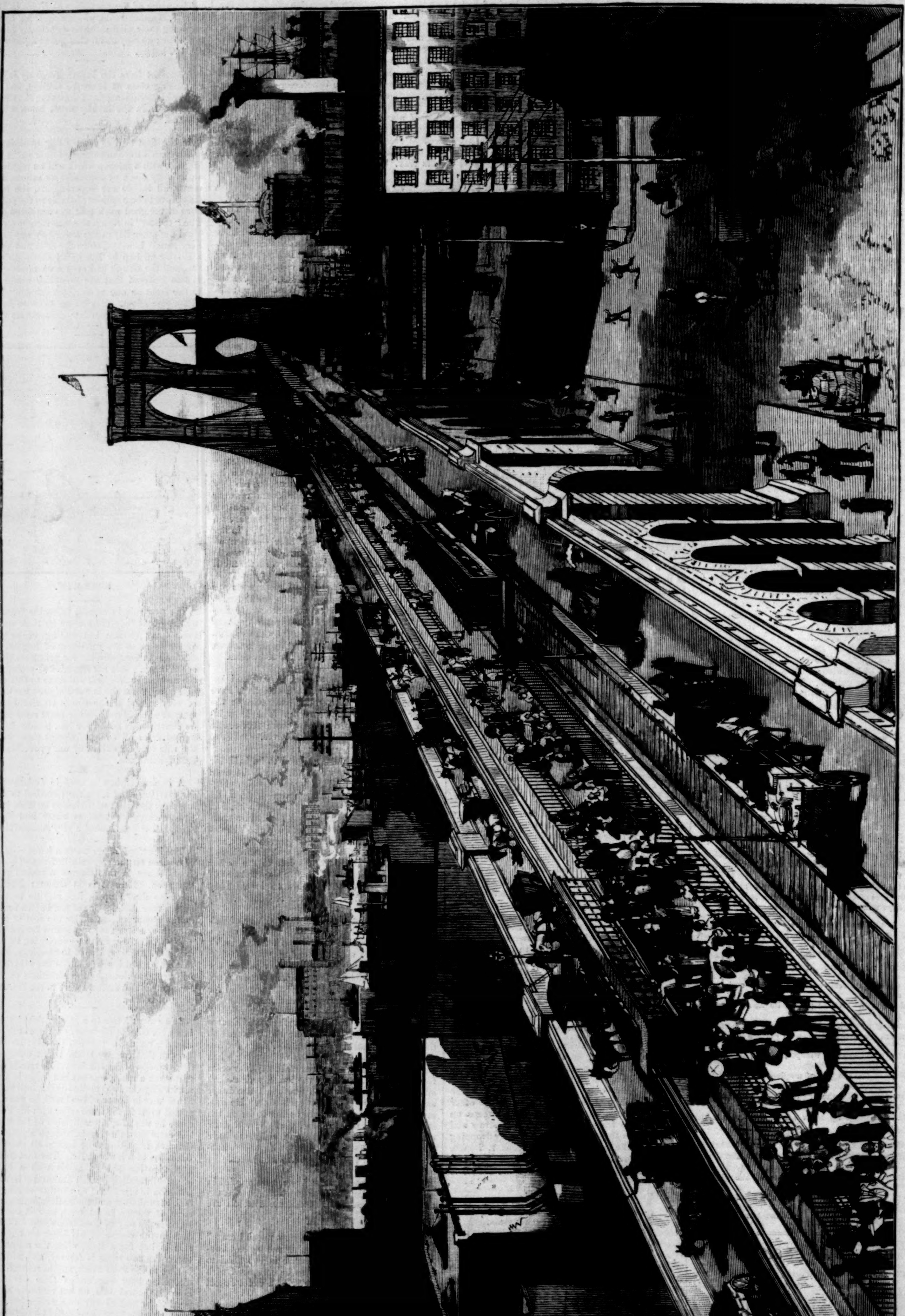
SHAD-ROW.

The new rule in respect to yachts from other waters—that they must come on their own bottoms—may obviate the arising of perplexing questions as to the privileges of English racing machines in competitions for prizes on this side of the ocean. It is not regarded as probable that the new cutter *Marjorie* will come to this country under sail, since she is not designed for that sort of service, and if she comes on the deck of a steamer she will need rather more room than can be conveniently found for her, besides being debarred from all contests except those in which the rule may be waived by our proverbially generous yachtsmen.

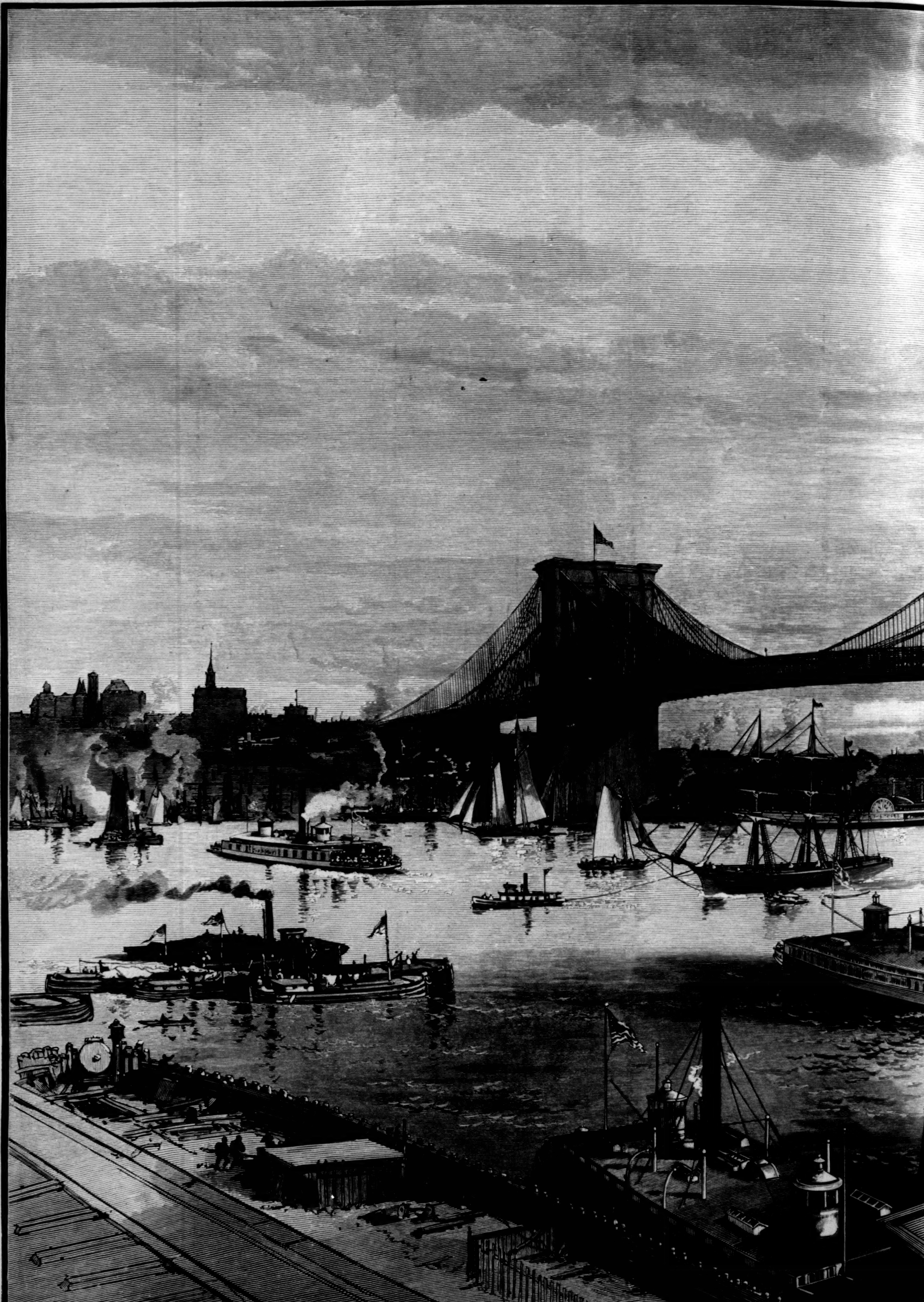
A curious siphon is used in Dubuque, Iowa, for carrying sand from the river-bed to the low lots near the bank which are to be filled in. The siphon carries two-thirds water and one-third sand, and is pronounced a very successful device.

The Hartford *Times* draws a harrowing picture of a scene on the sidewalk in front of some dry-goods stores in that city on a recent Saturday afternoon. Here it is in outline: Eight baby carriages drawn up in line, and no mothers or nurses near them. One of the babies screaming in the gutter almost under the feet of a horse, which was sniffing at it. Another buried beneath a great black dog that was devouring its cracker crumbs. Another, almost in apoplexy, trying to recover its lost bottle, and the five others nearly frightened to death by the attentions of passing strangers. The mothers were in the stores shopping, of course.

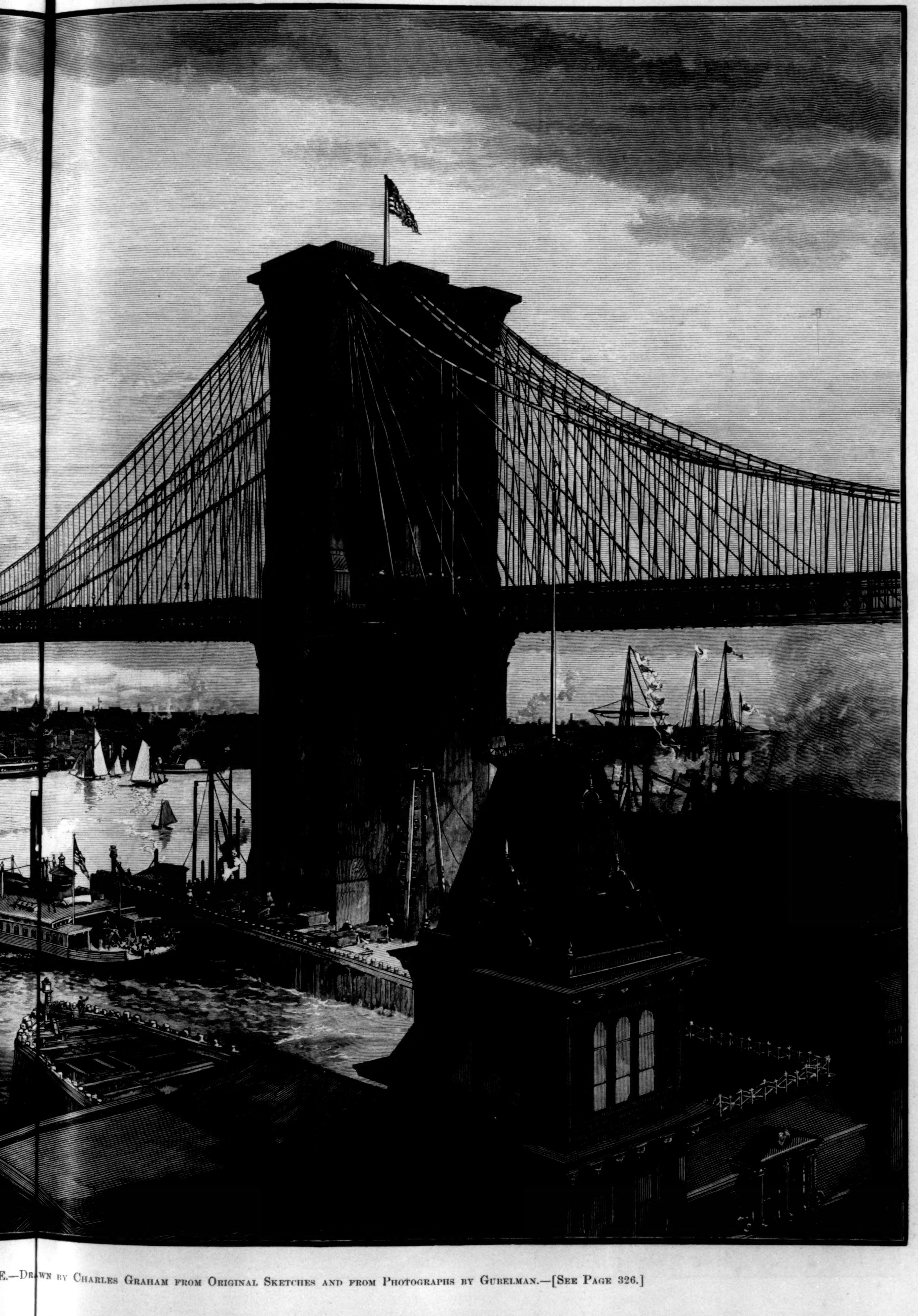
In a recent letter to a distinguished Parsee in India, Sir George Birdwood expresses the opinion that the repulsion between the English and natives in that country is the result chiefly of the caste system of the Hindoos. He recalls the fact that when a native was made a judge in Calcutta not long ago, and was invited by the native pleaders to a dinner in honor of the event, he was not permitted to sit in the same room with his hosts, because he was of a lower division of the Brahminical caste than they, and although a judge of the Calcutta High Court, he had to sit outside with Brahmins of a lower order. The fact that when a Hindoo has shaken hands with a European he must immediately wash the hand of its assumed pollution is mentioned as another reason for the lack of cordiality, and the natives' unmanly treatment of women is set forth as still another obstacle in the way of good-fellowship. Sir George says in the course of his letter that the repulsion is but for a time, while the attraction between the two races is forever, and adds: "We belong to the same stock, and in returning to India, after long wanderings from our common home in Central Asia, we but return to a country peopled by men of our own Aryan blood. But meanwhile we have developed in a distant island of the Atlantic a highly specialized race and culture, and you, Hindoos, and Hindooized Parsees and Mussulmans, as independently formed and strongly marked a race and culture of your own; while the isolation in which the race of Brahminical Hindoos has been produced in India has not been due to the Himalayas, as some argue, but has been artificially created by the Code of Manu. There is the rub."



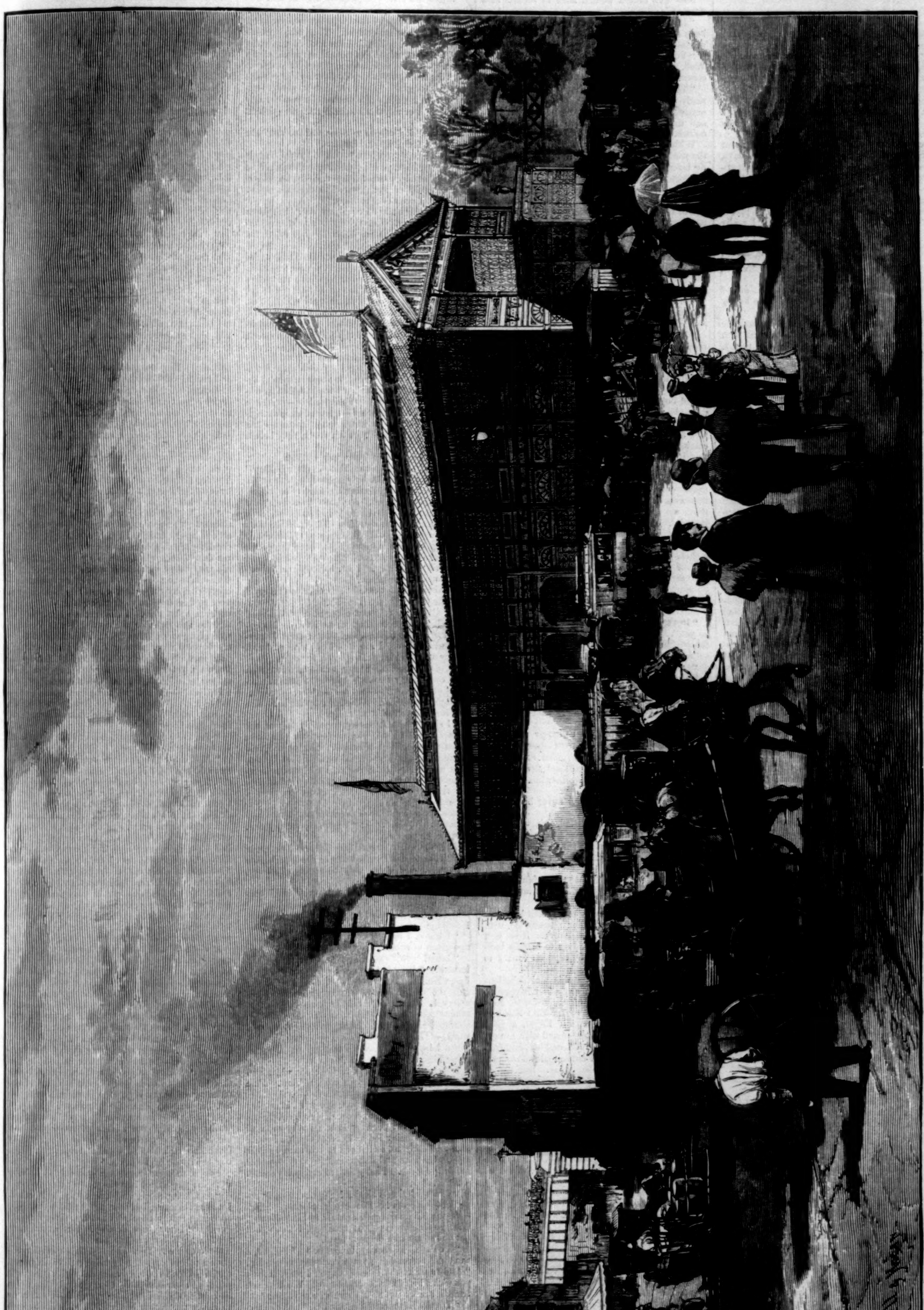
THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN SUSPENSION-BRIDGE—THE APPROACH ON THE NEW YORK SIDE.—[See Page 326.]



THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN SUSPENSION-BRIDGE, FROM THE BROOKLYN SIDE.-



E.—Drawn by Charles Graham from Original Sketches and from Photographs by Gubelman.—[See Page 326.]



THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN SUSPENSION-BRIDGE—BROOKLYN ENTRANCE.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 326.]

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

It is quite possible to be too happy, and Arthura was now in such a case. She had found a little lodging which Steppie declared "was really the next best thing to being in heaven."

She had nothing to do, and felt as if she never should have anything to do again; fourteen days, two clear weeks, a whole fortnight, seemed an unending portion of felicity. Time might be really squandered under such circumstances, the clock disregarded, enjoyment sipped, ecstasy taken in homœopathic doses.

"Too delightful," sighed Steppie. "I really could be quite happy if it were not for the thought of being so miserable to-morrow."

"Why to-morrow? Are you positive that Benjamine will be drowned to-morrow?" asked Arthura, with eyes wide open.

"Arthura, how can you jest at serious things? But you know we can never expect to be happy for two days running."

"We must keep our eyes open, then, and see that the misfortune comes," Arthura said, with much gravity. "Baby must swallow a penny, Walter get bitten by an octopus in the sea, you or I set fire to ourselves."

"Ah! you would not make light of misfortunes if you had had as many as I have," sighed Steppie.

"The more we have, the lighter we must make of them," was the cheerful answer.

"We should all do that if we understood our duty, of course," replied Steppie, still pensive. "I suppose troubles are sent on purpose."

"Well, I shall certainly have to do myself some bodily harm, then," Arthura added. "Would you rather have me break an arm, or sprain an ankle? No, dear little mamma," said the girl, throwing her arms round her young stepmother's neck, and kissing her fondly. "We will be happy whilst we may, and only miserable when we must. So now let us run about with the children."

Never was such a place for running about. It seemed the business of life, and the propensity was encouraged by the absence of barriers and boundary marks. A stranger might have imagined himself thrown among a set of Christian Communists, so entirely did the earth and its first-fruits seem common property. The cattle unconcernedly walked in procession from one open pasture to another, the very hens, with that abuse of liberty apt to creep into socialist communities, strayed from the wide walks allotted them into neighboring precincts, whilst the pigs shamelessly and unblushingly roamed about as if every inch of soil belonged to them. Arthura had discovered one of the few spots in our dear native land as yet unvisited by the world. It was a little rustic hamlet standing above the fair open reaches dividing the Sussex downs from the sea, a veritable bower of greenery between the billowy sand-hills and the level lines of marsh and shore, now all gold green and silvery sheen, beyond a thread of turquoise, for the sea was in sight. Linnets' Mill the place was called, and indeed "the lintwhites sing in chorus" there, and many another bird besides.

Round the windmill crowning the hamlet were open breezy spaces and little coppices, with wonderfully gorgeous cottage gardens shyly hidden behind tangled hedges. Half-way between the mill and the shore rose the hoary ruins of the ancient Norman fortress, now garlanded, as if in token of reconciliation, with the ripe gold of the English wall-flower. Then you came to the smooth sands and the rippling little waves, and—miracle of miracles!—the great yellow sea-poppies.

How happy they were! Heavens! how happy they were! Even Steppie was cheerful: and let none blame her pensiveness too harshly. She was not magnanimous, but she possessed the bread-and-butter virtues. She filled her children's minds with artless piety; she took everybody to be better than herself, which is already a step upward; and all her ways were ways of prettiness and grace, a great quality in a woman.

"If I were only not quite useless in the world," she sighed to Arthura. "That is my grievance. I am of no earthly use to anybody."

"But no one would find it out unless you told them," Arthura said.

"Why, would not you find it out?" asked Steppie, opening her gentle blue eyes.

"No, I am sure I should never have dreamed of such a thing," was the ready and comfortable reply. "Besides, it is not true. What would the children do without you to take care of them?"

"I have often wished that I had never been born, and then, you see, the poor children would never have been born either."

"No, I do not see it, little mamma," Arthura made reply. "If you had never been born here, the chances are that you would have come into existence on the planet Jupiter, where the day is as long as our year, and the year three times twelve months or more. You would not have liked that."

"Must I have been born, then, anyhow?" asked Steppie, looking aghast.

"I suppose so, since here you are."

Steppie pondered. "I wish I understood things," she said.

"But nobody really understands anything, so you are as well off as Sir Isaac Newton," was the reply.

"I wish I understood the purpose of my own existence, I mean," continued poor Steppie. "Why was ever a woman born to scream at a mouse?"

"If you scream at a mouse, it is because you have nothing better to do, not because you were predestined to scream," replied Arthura.

"You have always an answer for everything. Well, what I could be predestined for I can not conceive."

"Things hang together," again Arthura made ready answer. "It does not do to be too inquiring. You are Steppie, and I am Arthura, and that is all we shall ever know about the matter."

With such talk as this, the pair would beguile the moments whilst the children sported like little Loves in the warm still water, or gathered on the rocks. For the most part, however, they kept together, Walter hardly bearing to quit Arthura's side. The boy's devotion to his step-sister was one of those beautiful passions of childhood akin to the blind devotion of animals to their master, yet not flawless like these. Cling to us, love us, as they may, it is children who first remind us of the instability of human affection.

"My own, own Arthura," said Walter one day, as he watched a distant sail, "do you know what I am thinking of?"

"We were both thinking of the same thing, I am sure—of being together at Christmas, and how soon Christmas will be here."

"No," continued the boy. "I was looking at the ship yonder, and wondering when I shall have my heart's desire, and be a sailor, and see all the countries of the world."

Arthura kissed the little eager face, and said nothing. Of what use to reproach him? He would not understand. Meantime, the too happy days glided by, and no Valerian. Arthura was as free from sentimentality as a girl could be; she had already joys enough and to spare; but his coming would have heightened all. And he had said it. He would, he must come, were it only for an hour!

"Well," Steppie said, when the holidays were nearly over, "two days more of happiness, and then everything will be worse than ever. I do think we should never lay ourselves out for enjoyment. It makes life twice as hard afterward."

"No; it really makes life twice as easy," reasoned Arthura. "Just think for a moment. If a little bird gets berries one winter day, he will not die of starvation although not a berry he'll get next day. To-day's feast enables us to bear up against to-morrow's starvation."

"Yes, I must bear up. That is the word. If I could only bear up!" said Steppie.

"But there is nothing for you to bear up against as yet," Arthura answered, gayly. "It is sheer fancy about being unhappy. You are in reality as happy as possible."

"Oh, Arthura!"

"If you were unhappy, you would soon find out the difference. I should never come near you, to begin with."

"Would you be so unkind?" asked Steppie, with tears in her eyes.

"It would be my duty. Unhappy people—I mean those who make themselves unhappy about nothing at all—should be avoided like lepers. They ought to have their meals set down on the threshold, and sit huddled together in a dark corner at church."

"I am sure I hope I shall never be avoided like a leper," sighed Steppie.

"Then you must wear a little looking-glass tied round your neck, as some people wear muffs, and every ten minutes you must satisfy yourself that you are not looking glum. Low spirits may be cured that way."

"May they really? Ah, you make fun of me," poor Steppie said, whereupon Arthura laughingly kissed her a dozen times.

Steppie's real name was the pretty but now old-fashioned Emma, and her patronymic, with peculiar appropriateness, Sadgrove. How well certain names fasten themselves to certain individuals, as if singled out by especial fitness to belong to them!

Why, for instance, should this melancholious little personage more than any other happen to be born with the name of Sadgrove? Marriage had mended matters so far that she was no longer called Sadgrove, but Edgar, a good old Saxon name, and worthily mated with Emma. Yet Sadgrove nature had christened her, and Sadgrove she remained. Her old school-fellows persisted in using her maiden name. She signed herself Sadgrove as well as Edgar, evidently loath to part with a piece of symbolism so appropriate.

The innocent, rustic hours! How they flew by! To the little town-bred children it seemed a year since they left home, yet when the moment of departure was at hand, the year had vanished like a cloud. They were to return to London next day, and Linnets' Mill, with its wide fair heavens and green happy earth, would be shut from their gaze like a fairy scene on which the curtain has fallen. And still no Valerian! Instead, a fond caressing love-letter. Stephana had come, he wrote, and Miss Hermitage wanted him.

Arthura resigned herself, knowing well that her mistress, with all her off-hand kindnesses, was not to be moved where her own pleasure was concerned. She relied on Valerian as she relied on these fond clinging things around her.

Was she not his as well as theirs, and did he not love her before anything in the wide world? So she kept up everybody's spirits to the last, and even Steppie shed no tears at the leave-taking.

"After all," she moralized whilst they waited for the train, "how much worse everything might have turned out! Not one of us poisoned by mushrooms, or even tossed by an infuriated bull. I am sure Providence has watched over us wonderfully so far."

CHAPTER XVII.

When the little company by the sea had broken up in May, the blind story-teller followed Stephana to London, neither of them bent on heedless quests, we may be sure. The gods, says the Greek poet, bring like to like; and, do what they might, these kindred souls could not remain long apart. Just as evil finds out evil in order to work its dark purpose, so do finer spirits consort together for good. The blind man must do something with his life, and there was Stephana ready to help him or any other human thing in spiritual need.

"It was kind of you to come and see me," she said. "I feel lonely in London."

"You lonely anywhere? When mortal friends stay away, have you not unearthly visitants," he replied, "strange sweet voices unheard by others, ineffable visions not granted to common eyes? You surely are never solitary."

He felt the smile he could not see. Stephana made soft reply. Her voice was music always.

"Dear friend, let me disabuse your mind, for once and for all, concerning what you are pleased to call my supernatural powers. Do I hear inner voices? Do things unseen at times become plain to me? Am I surrounded by subtle influences that lead me whither I should not otherwise go, and force me into deeds against my will? Yes, and what is all this but to say that I am more sensitive than my fellows, more alive to the spiritual world so near us all, yet hidden from most? For what are we ourselves but spirits, only the fleshly clog drags to earth, and the thick clay shrouds the flame. I liken my own gifts, humbly enough, Heaven knows, to those flashes of intellectual light that have revealed hidden knowledge to men. May there not well be—we have seen, indeed, that there are—spiritual endowments of the same force by which moral darkness has also been illuminated? I am weak, only herein strong."

"Most beautifully have you spoken so far, dearest lady. But go on. There is more behind."

"I may, after all, be only magnifying the power of conscience, exaggerating the faculty of conjuring up things unseen," Stephana went on, "but I have always seemed to be illuminated, then impelled, guided to a certain end. And no matter the resistance offered, either by the world or even my own inclinations, when once the vision has shone upon me, and the voice made itself heard within, I obey. I am no longer a personality, but an instrument."

"This consciousness should make you happy," said the eager, pensive listener.

"No," added Stephana, eager also. "We need no such inner promptings to be happy. Happiness has but to beckon, and the weakest of purpose will follow. I am impelled to tread hard, thorny ways, leaving the smooth for others."

"Do, then, these mysterious calls interfere with your own life? Have they brought you bale instead of blessing?" asked her listener.

Stephana paused. When she spoke her voice was low and full of tenderness.

"I should be able to say anything to you, my most faithful friend," she said—"you who have given me your best affection. Yes, at the risk of causing pain, I will speak out. Could I, then, shut my conscience to the voices within, and become blind to the revelations that are plainer to me than the things passing under my eyes, I should dare to be happy in my own way." For a moment tears stopped her utterance; then she added, in gentlest tones: "Which is your way also. I would be your wife."

The blind man flushed painfully, and an eager word rose to his lips, but it was checked before utterance. He could only listen in trembling, hushed expectation.

"Do not misunderstand me, my friend," continued Stephana. "As warm a friendship—I may say affection—as I feel for any human being, I could give you, but no deeper feeling."

"I know, I understand. Your love was long ago given to another."

"Love! love!" said Stephana, with intense bitterness. "Why is this word perpetually on our lips, when the thing itself is a dream, a chimera? But you shall know how it is with me. I did marry because I believed in love—who could otherwise set seal to such a bond? And now"—she flushed also, and faltered as she got out the words—"I shall perhaps marry again, just because I believe in love no longer, but in something higher, which is duty."

Her listener sank back in his chair, white and strengthless, as if stricken with a blow. Pale also, but quite calm, Stephana went on.

"I must obey my destiny, and what is destiny but duty?" she said, unconsciously repeating the words of a great poet. "It is all very sad and strange, this being led away from the life I could love and cling to, and made to embrace, against my inclinations and existence, the very opposite I should choose. I am going to marry my cousin Valerian."

"The worldling Valerian! the matchlessly expedient Valerian! You can not marry him," cried the blind man, passionately and indignantly. "He has many excellent qualities, I know, but not one to set him on your level."

"You shall learn why it must be so," Stephana went on, sorrowfully, yet with quiet resolution. "And to make things clear to you I must intrust you with a bit of our family history. We are close friends, are we not? My secrets are yours?"

"Till the last moment of my life," was the fervent answer, whilst the speaker gently raised the lady's hand to his lips.

"You should know, then," Stephana continued, faintly smiling, "that Valerian possesses the inestimable virtue of being a victim, a scapegoat. In his person he is a living witness of sin, silent, unpunished, unvindicable sin. He owes his birth to some coward of our blood who refused to give him a name."

"I know—I have heard the story," said the blind man, with a touch of impatience. "But you will never make a martyr of Valerian."

"Is not that man or woman a martyr who owes even the means of existence to stray benevolence? Valerian's history needs no flourishes. I will only tell you the bare facts in a word or two. The father, then, of my second cousin Christina—Christina the millionaire, the mundane—had only one son, who all his life long was expected to make a fine match, as the phrase goes. He died at fifty, a bachelor and a good-for-nothing, and so the great fortune came to his sister on the father's death. But there are first cousins of Christina's, sons of her father's brothers, as the law goes, next of kin, Valerian being nobody's kin. Now Christina's brother declared on his dying bed that he left no child, or otherwise the old man, their father, would have adopted him. Of the three cousins I speak of one has sons born in wedlock, the second daughters only, and neither of the two would ever claim the boy."

"Who can say that he is of your blood at all?"

"Of that there is no doubt," Stephana went on with more and more emphasis, bending her whole mind to the conviction of her prejudiced listener. "Could you see him, you would need no other proof. A Hermitage, a Gossip (our two family names), to the finger-tips. Let me go on, however. There was the third brother, of whom little is known, who spent his life in wandering, and died in foreign parts. This man, the most amiable and gifted of the family, must have been Valerian's father, and so my cousin Constantine believes. How the child was found by Christina and her friend Colette you may have heard. He had been brought to the house, none knew how or by whom, and was discovered in my uncle's room, with a note sewed up in his clothes declaring his name, no more."

The pale sad listener shook his head. "All this may be—is, since you say so. But where the argument for such a sacrifice on your part, such royal cargo to the too fortunate Valerian? Young, accomplished, self-confident, backed up by Miss Hermitage's fortune, he is already happy beyond most."

"Oh," cried Stephana, eagerly, almost passionately, "why must that word be ever and ever on our lips? It is not Valerian's happiness I am thinking of. Valerian does not need me, I know, yet duty forces me across his path. I must be his good angel against my will. For you already divine it," she added, growing earnest, pathetic—everything by turns that could win her listener over to her own way of seeing things. "I am under a spell here. I can not go backward or turn to the right or the left. It was Valerian who brought me from Rome, Valerian who leads me onward now. I wish I could make you understand. Were you a woman and Valerian your kinsman, yet an outcast, a pariah, disowned by reason of others' sin, and those our kinsfolk, I think you would feel the same generous impulse to befriend him too, although it is more than an impulse with me. Just after that strange summons you know of—"

"Ah, the Roman story. Would I might hear that from your own lips!"

"Just after the strange summons, then (the story do not ask), I had a dream—a vision I must call it, for no common dream it could be—a vision, then, so sweet, so solemn, so beautiful, that I can hardly put it into words. I had been pondering one day on my own career, which I felt had to be begun anew, shedding also a few tears over the brief disillusion that love and marriage had brought, asking myself piteously and painfully whither should duty lead, when on a sudden I was aware of a wondrous apparition. The twilight chamber became luminous with silvery light, and in the midst, so near to me that I could have touched his shining garment with my hand, stood an awful and lovely form. Nothing I had ever beheld in living human shape or idealized in art was half so radiant, so divinely fair, as this figure, clothed angelwise with pearly wings, and having an aureole of pale gold round the stately head. A smile, serene, ineffable, played on the beauteous lips, but in the steady gaze of the calm clear eyes and on the broad starry forehead I read such inevitable decree, such unswerving doom, that I trembled. 'Speak,' I prayed. 'O heavenly monitor, be your errand of retribution or sacrifice, you have but to reveal it, and I obey!' Not a word, however, passed the lips of the phantom—eidolon—I know not what to call it; but as I waited thus, prayerful and expectant, I saw that he held an open scroll in his hands, and the meaning of every sign and word flashed upon me. It was a piece of emblazonry, wherein I discerned, one after another, the proud scutcheons of my race, with the names of those who had borne them, down to my own generation; but the last name of all stood bare and apart. And it was the name of Valerian."

For a moment Stephana paused. Thrilling with the passion of her story, she now went on: "A minute more, and the dream had faded. I was again alone, but with new, strange thoughts crowding in my mind. Valerian, then, was my duty, my future, my destiny. But after what fashion? What was the sin of Valerian's progenitor to me? How should this especial retribution fall on myself? During painful days and nights I brooded over the mystery till all became plain and unmistakable to my mind. Valerian had suffered shameful wrong, and there was none to make reparation but me. I was in my own person bound to atone for the wrong committed by one of my blood and name. Nor did my responsibility end here. As I reflected on all the circumstances bound up with Valerian's story and my own, I saw how one moral obligation but entailed another and another, till my duty toward Valerian became my duty toward God and the world."

How sadly listened the blind lover to all this,

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

every word, every syllable, a sentence to his hopes! But hear to the end he must.

"You may not perhaps realize," resumed Stephana, "why the fact of Valerian becoming my heir and Christina's should transform him into a power for good or evil. Think of the moral lever that a vast fortune must ever be, and never so much so as in these days. I can not put this tremendous engine into his hands and abandon him. He must be twofold my own creation. First, I set him among the lords of the earth; next, to give him a lordly soul. The heir of my worldly splendor must also be the inheritor of my aspirations."

"That Valerian will never be," retorted the listener, bitterly.

"You have yet more to hear; I shall convince you before I have done," Stephana said, using a deeper persuasiveness and a more insinuating force. "For what are these subtle powers with which my friends accredit me? The plain meaning of such words is that I can in a very unusual degree fascinate people, bend them to a purpose in direct opposition to their own; but never to personal ends, mind. No element of my own individuality can enter into these influences. Swayed by a secret force stronger than any feeling, whether of love or joy, pity or sorrow, I move blindly, and am indeed blind as to the portion in store for myself. I can work no evil, only good, to any human being. Over my own destiny I have no power."

"But think for a moment, my own friend, this Valerian—"

"I know what you would say," interrupted Stephana, eagerly. "It is an earthen vessel. No flame of the spirit burns divinely through. I feel, I acknowledge it. Yet I must go on; if my own peace is to be sacrificed, I must obey. And reflect," she cried, a fine blush overspreading her pale features, and a tremor of reined-in enthusiasm swaying her voice; "will it not be a matchless piece of retribution, a superb ending to a sordid family story? The accumulated hoardings of generations, the spoils of worldling upon worldling, turned to noble uses in the hands of the outcast, the family honor vindicated by the disowned! Yes," she added, for a moment letting her hand rest on his, letting him feel the tears he could not see, "you who are my friend indeed, to whom I can thus unveil my inmost thoughts, you can not, you dare not, bid me draw back. The inner voice, the unspoken mandate, who may disobey?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

After that confidence the friends still saw each other almost daily; for what so often brings like to like as common service for the higher good? London was now empty, as the phrase goes. August had come, and a sulphurous pall wrapped palace and Mansard, garden and river. Not a zephyr breathed freshly from any quarter of heaven, not a flower in blow but drooped under a pallid sun. Summer was there, but summer without sweetness, no verdurous space, no garden fragrance, no dewy shadows. Instead, languor and heaviness, gloom and disease, where joy and deliciousness should be.

Joy and deliciousness were showered down abundantly on the fair face of the earth just then, but not on the city of four millions. Excessive heat and drought had induced one of those epidemics which occur from time to time as if to shake the comfortable faith in human adequacy. Skill and science seemed set at naught, and the dreaded disease that at first was "as a cloud no bigger than a man's hand" assumed by degrees stupendous and awful proportions, till it brooded, a doom and a portent, over the wide world of London. Now at first sight it would seem madness for two people to stay on calmly in a panic-stricken, pestilent place, when they might have betaken themselves any moment to Edens of freshness and repose. Men and women must die. What business had they with these obscure victims of a scourge that had mercy in it, since it decimated the helpless, the starving, and the needy? But Stephana and her friend thought otherwise; and whilst frightened parents were hurrying away their children, after the manner of hens at the appearance of a hawk, whilst idlers and pleasure-seekers were trying to drive away ennui in more attractive resorts, and the more sensitive were shutting their eyes as best they could to the disagreeableness of the world generally, Stephana and her friend staid on.

They were, indeed, indispensable to each other; and had not the very opportunity come for which Markham craved? Here, above all, was a crisis when the power he possessed and on which he prided himself could be put to really sublime uses. For the conscientious physician and the priest, do what they will, can not always infuse that courage into human hearts which is the best guarantee against impending evil. Soldiers tell us that the ball finds out the craven on the battle-field, and certain it is that the stout-hearted will often walk unscathed through deadliest infection.

Whilst Stephana, then, had hired a noble old suburban mansion, embowered in greenery, and turned it into a convalescent home for the sick, the blind story-teller was doing his best to keep up the spirits of those who were well. What may not a word do? and the stimulus of his melodic and bright calm eloquence came as a substitute for bracing sea-breezes, farm-yard sights and sounds, and all the beauty and freshness of the world that is not London. The sea, the moor, the country, were but names to most of his hearers, but all could laugh and weep at the stories he told them, now bringing fairy-land before wan little Smithfield children, now lifting the faint in spirit by some moving episode, now holding bereaved ones spell-bound by weird, romantic improvisation. Narrative, parable, allegory, dialogue, one and all he used by turns, with themes as various, and words ever new. Yet wherein lay the glamours? Was it the glow of feeling, the rapture of fancy, that inthralled his listeners, or the mere mechanical part of the performance —exquisite training of voice, choice phraseology, inimitable elocution? All yet none of these. The poor, pinched, toiling souls who listened to him were enchanted simply because it was the first time they had heard a story in their lives. The veil was lifted from the ideal world. A blind man had revealed to them the existence of things unseen, the duality of human life!

"Ah," he said, one evening, when alone with Stephana, after an unusually hard day, "we shall never live such hours as these any more. I am yours and you are mine by virtue of the mortal woes that have brought us together, but when the sun shines out from the clouds you will disappear, perhaps never to cross my path again."

"Have no fear on that score," Stephana said, with gentle consolation in her voice. "You are bound to cross my path whenever I have need of you. My wand will never be broken."

He shook his head. "You can not, like the loving god, be immortal one day and common clay the next. This marriage must drag you down, whether you will or no."

"Why should we talk of it?" cried Stephana, impatiently. "Why must men and women perpetually have love and marriage on their lips, as if the supreme end and purpose of existence were to love, to marry, and to die? You, at least, stand on higher ground, and take in wider horizons."

"Pardon me—a thousand times I ask your pardon," he said. "I will never, never breathe the subject again, if you promise me one little thing."

"A promise? What human being ever kept a promise? And why give it only to break?"

"No, you would not break it. Listen, then, my own friend, and accord the request or no. That is as you please. The name of Valerian in conjunction with yours shall never pass my lips again. Well, it is a small thing I ask. If—if"—he hesitated, painfully, and at last stammered out the words—"if your magnanimous project, from any unforeseen cause, is never carried out, should you reject Valerian, should you feel the need of a trusty friend—as a friend only I venture to petition—summon me to your side by a wish."

"Why by anything so unsubstantial?" smiled Stephana. "Is there not paper and ink, a letter-carrier to boot? I will write to you with my proper hands."

"No, these are common means, and oft-times treacherous too! You could hardly write the thought of your mind, and it is the secret wish of your inmost heart I would have. No more nor less."

"And how could I be sure that it would reach you?" asked Stephana, still inclined to raillery. "The winds of heaven might blow it in another direction. Forgive me, dear friend: I am so sad at heart that I must be merry. These harrowing scenes I go through day after day, the ache of misery ever before me! Oh! ask me nothing today; only be kind to me, only help me with silent comfort. I must marry Valerian, but it is you I would fain have with me always."

Was not such a confession enough to satisfy any lover? Markham flushed from cheek to brow, but said no word more. The deep, unspoken sadness of Stephana's soul had penetrated his own. He felt at last lifted, and for a brief moment, to those serene spheres in which she lived and moved and had her being. He also must brace himself up to an act of supreme renunciation. For him also the best part of life was to give, asking no reward.

Stephana needed kindness indeed, and collectedness on her friend's part also, for she was weary in brain and body. A strange sight was that devoted pair, she so brave yet tender, he helpless, yet so strong, as day after day they set out on their errand of mercy. Stephana would inspect one fever-stricken court after another, to see that there was no orphan unhoused, no dead awaiting its last resting-place, no sick to be carried away. And whilst she made her rounds the blind man would find an audience, half a dozen children it might be, or two or three sad-hearted mothers with babes at their breast, or old men past work, past thieving, past beggary even: no matter whom, every one was as ready to listen as he to speak. These hollow-eyed, sallow-faced people had no religion. What religion could take hold of natures starved, deadened, materialized by misery? But if they knew nothing of Christ and redemption, they could understand the gospel of magnanimous human kindness. They were aware of that shining thing we call goodness, and it warmed them and almost gladdened them, if, indeed, misery can be ever glad.

Nor did Markham's serviceableness end here. In Stephana's mansion, filled now from cellar to attic with guests of the humbler sort, he found plenty of occupation. The poor valetudinarians lounging under the trees, or looking out for the first time in their lives on green lawns set with standard roses, sadly needed amusement, and there was the blind story-teller with his well-stored memory ever ready. Story after story they now heard for the first time. *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver*, the *Pilgrim's Progress* and Boccaccio, were laid under contribution, to say nothing of Prince Camaralzaman and his sixty brothers, Penelope's web, and last but first, the champion of the windmills and knight of Dulcinea del Toboso. Wonderful to think how dull the world can be that possesses all these! So August and September passed, and with October ended their ordeal. Stephana and her companion came through it unscathed, so often will it happen that mere valiancy keepeth alive. They had been as soldiers on a battle-field in the thick of the fight, but a thousand bullets had passed them by.

"This is to be no long parting?" Markham asked, after a long confabulation on the eve of separation.

"True friends are never parted," Stephana answered, reproachfully. "We shall often hear from each other; we shall bear each other in mind."

She smiled, adding, with a mixture of playfulness and solemnity: "I have not forgotten your request. Whenever I need you there shall be neither sign nor letter. You will bend obsequious to my will."

"Can I do otherwise?" he said, raising her hand to his lips. "And as soon as I have fulfilled the mission you have just intrusted to me, I may surely seek you unasked and unbidden?"

"Most surely," Stephana made reply. "I shall look for you with impatience. The matter confided to you is one I have most at heart."

"After Valerian."

"After Christina and Valerian. I go to them now on a double quest, a twofold behest. How strange is life!"

"Strange and sad, yet sweet," he said. "At least it would be so were there no Valerian."

"Think no more of him, my friend. Be happy. Be my best helper."

Thus they parted, not lovers, certes, but how much more than friends!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RACE MEETING AT ROCKAWAY.

There was an auspicious inauguration of the season for out-door sports in and about the city on Saturday, May 12. Athletic games, contests of speed by bicyclists, rowing races, contests of skill at lawn tennis, base-ball, and lacrosse, rifle-shooting at Creedmoor, and trotting at the various tracks or "on the road," were among the outdoor recreations that the great world of society patronized, participated in, and enjoyed. But to that world accustomed for months past to find its entertainment in palatial residences on Murray Hill, at Delmonico's, or at the Academy of Music, and which will soon seek Newport, Saratoga, the White Mountains, or the Adirondacks, the chief event was the opening of the racing season by the Rockaway Hunt Club at its preserves at Bayswater, Far Rockaway. Nearly a thousand people were in the party from this city which witnessed the races, in which, with one exception, their acquaintances of social circles were the riders. The day was auspicious, the locality picturesque. Meadows, hills, and the trees, not dense enough to be called forests even by the possessor of a vivid imagination, were resplendent in their spring dress of green. The blue sky gave a quiet background. There was sufficient color in this lovely country scene, with its picturesque farm-houses and its grazing cattle, surprised in their afternoon meal by the sudden invasion from the city. The color was supplied by groups of ladies elaborately dressed in costumes in which the art of the modiste vainly tried to rival the beauties of nature's endowment, in the gaudily painted four-in-hand coaches, and in the riders wearing collectively all the colors that made Joseph's coat famous in the days when the world was young.

It was no common race meeting that at Rockaway. There were many present who are frequently seen at the great racing events at Saratoga, Jerome Park, or Monmouth Beach. But this meeting had more of the character of a racing day at Newport. There were a few falls, but neither horses nor riders were injured, though the riding was more daring—reckless, perhaps—than that of professional jockeys. There was no track save that laid out by nature and the country highway builder. Rail fences served in part as hurdles. The course was over meadows and up and down gently sloping hills, and on a bottom that needed both nerve and skill to successfully guide a horse over it. The races with their falls, the refusal of several horses to leap the hurdles, the keen determination shown by each rider to win, and the sharp brushes at the finish made them both exciting and interesting. The strong-limbed polo ponies, the ungainly farmers' punts, and the graceful, high-spirited hunters seemed to enjoy the sport as thoroughly as did their respective satin-waisted, shirt-sleeved and home-spun-trousered, and pink-coated riders. The latter, resplendent in their pink coats, high hats, white knee-breeches, and buff-topped patent-leathers, were favorites with the ladies. The erst-while much-abused gentlemen riders, spurred on by the smiles of fair women, rode so well as to prove that "blood will tell" in riding across country as it has in riding to battle. This despite the fact that Mr. Edwards Spencer couldn't make Tommy Tucker leap his hurdle. This incident, however, was fun for outsiders, though awkward for Mr. Spencer, and furnished as much amusement as any incident, unless it was that of the farmers' race, where Puck threw the plebeian rider, veritably "landing him a winner," as sporting-men delight in commonly saying a jockey does his horse. The winners of the races in which gentlemen riders participated were: hunters' half-mile flat race, George Work's Mercury; polo ponies' race, Stanley Mortimer's Incognita; the pink-coat race, George Work's Bombast; the half-bred qualified hunters' race, George Work's Fleurette; the qualified hunters' race, Stanley Huntley's Hobson's Choice.

Field-sports so fairly inaugurated will occupy attention until cold weather sets in. The gymnasium and riding-schools, the racquet-courts and fencing-rooms, have closed their doors, and their habitués have deserted them for the green fields, the shady drives, and the more or less placid waters, for exercise and recreation. The field-sports of to-day are under the management of gentlemen. The class heretofore injuriously identified with sports have been relegated to the field of brutality occupied by prize-fighters, dog-fighters, and chicken-fighters. It is no longer a reason for exclusion from society of even the gentlest that a lady is an attendant upon or a patroness of the sports of the field. She may even participate in some. This fact has done much—very much—to elevate the character of all out-door amusements. The athletic clubs, with their membership including many of the best of our young men, have done more, for the example set here has been followed throughout the country. A proficiency in field-sports is considered a credit to a young man. That such a state of affairs has come to exist that people of the gentler classes have made these recreations their own in a measure, is fortunate indeed for coming generations. A bit more of the Hercules than the Adonis in young men, of the Diana than the Venus in young women, wedding the best elements of the two in each case, every social economist will acknowledge to be desirable.

Attention to athletic sports has almost become a portion of the necessary training of every college or seminary student. Walking clubs, canoe clubs, bicycle, boating, lawn tennis, archery, hunting, fishing, and gun clubs, and sportsmen's associations, the latter frequently owning large preserves for hunting or fishing, or both, count their active members in the best society of all the social centres of the country. Ladies are often members of such of these as make sports in which they can participate a specialty. Where such is not the case the ladies have their own equestrian, pedestrian, lawn-tennis, archery, boating, and croquet clubs. The inroads upon health from late hours and loss of rest resultant upon attention to society's demands are offset in a great measure by these health-restoring recreations. Better far than any medicine are they when not indulged in to excess. Better fitted for life's duties and society's exactions she who finds pleasure in such recreation returns to her home than she who monotonously wears away the summer days in an ultra-fashionable summer resort. That mandate of society which permits a woman to wear and use a wide-soled, broad-heeled walking shoe, and permits her to take needed exercise, is one that will long be remembered with gratitude by such as have found participation in out-of-door recreations to be a cure for lassitude, a relief from ennui.

C. T. Bronson.

KELLY'S "PAUL REVERE."

Lord Rosebery, while passing a season here some years ago, was very partial to his horse and Central Park. On more than one occasion, while rounding a point with him in the bridle-path at full run, we observed some one, only partially concealed in the then scant shrubbery, watching us or our horses with eager interest. Finding him there one day as I rode alone, I took the liberty to demand what he was about. I found him to be a shy and modest young artist, who was trying to model a horse in motion—a new proposition entirely in his department of art. But I am sure every one who has seen his statuette of Sheridan's ride will say confidently that the bold undertaking proved successful as it was original. This young man, hiding there in the shrubbery all summer by the bridle-path in order to correctly catch the motion of a horse in full gallop, has now done a new piece of work. And it is new in every sense—new in conception, new in art.

Observe the complete story here in the first place. Revere has just landed. The cable is tightened about the post. We know that the hastily abandoned boat swings in the river at the feet of the eager and impetuous Paul, a foot is in the stirrup, his lifted face is thrown back over his shoulder, wild with excitement and the work before him. He sees the light! His soul is in his eyes, his gathered brows, his patriotic and fervid face. The one foot is lifted, and yet the other, so full of force and spring, scarcely is on the earth. Then he clutches the mane—the mane, mind you, not the rein, as a slow and school-taught rider would, but his hand is drowned in the flowing mane; he is literally a part of the horse. The heat and the excitement of the time have fused them together, as a Comanche is made a part of his horse in battle, as every real, natural rider is in any time of tremendous trial.

And consider this horse: his nostrils too are extended and in the air; his very feet are in the air with the intensity of the action that is in him; his heart is so much in the work before him that you can see every muscle waiting the will of the master. And this giving of some honor and action to this noblest animal appeals strongly to me, and makes me full of gratitude toward the man who has done this; for if not quite born on the back of a horse, I was certainly reared there, and I know how entirely true he is, how worthy. But the sculptor has either despised the horse thus far, or despaired of giving him real action. We all praise the colossal bronze which supports Marcus Aurelius on the Capitoline, and the guide-books gravely tell us to observe the delicate tracing of the veins on the horse's nose. But the horse, and all other horses, as to that, from this one ancient and ugly figure at Rome down to Kelly's statuette of Sheridan's ride, are very wooden things.

The poet, however, has been more just to the horse. Lord Byron has done more than all sculptors of the Old World to describe him well in these eight words:

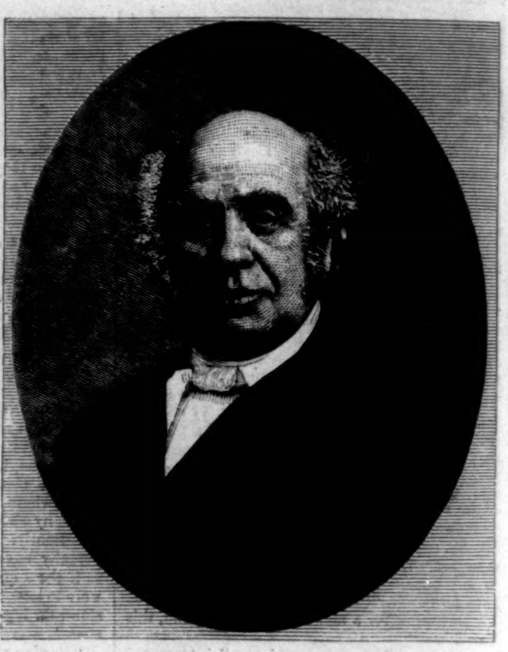
"The speed of thought was in his limbs."

But it is in the Book of Job where you find justice done most entirely to this best and noblest friend of man. And looking at this Paul Revere ideal, I can well imagine that Kelly had these lines in his heart as he shaped and fashioned his clay, for the roar of war was in the air and in the ears of rider and horse: "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

Joaquin Miller.

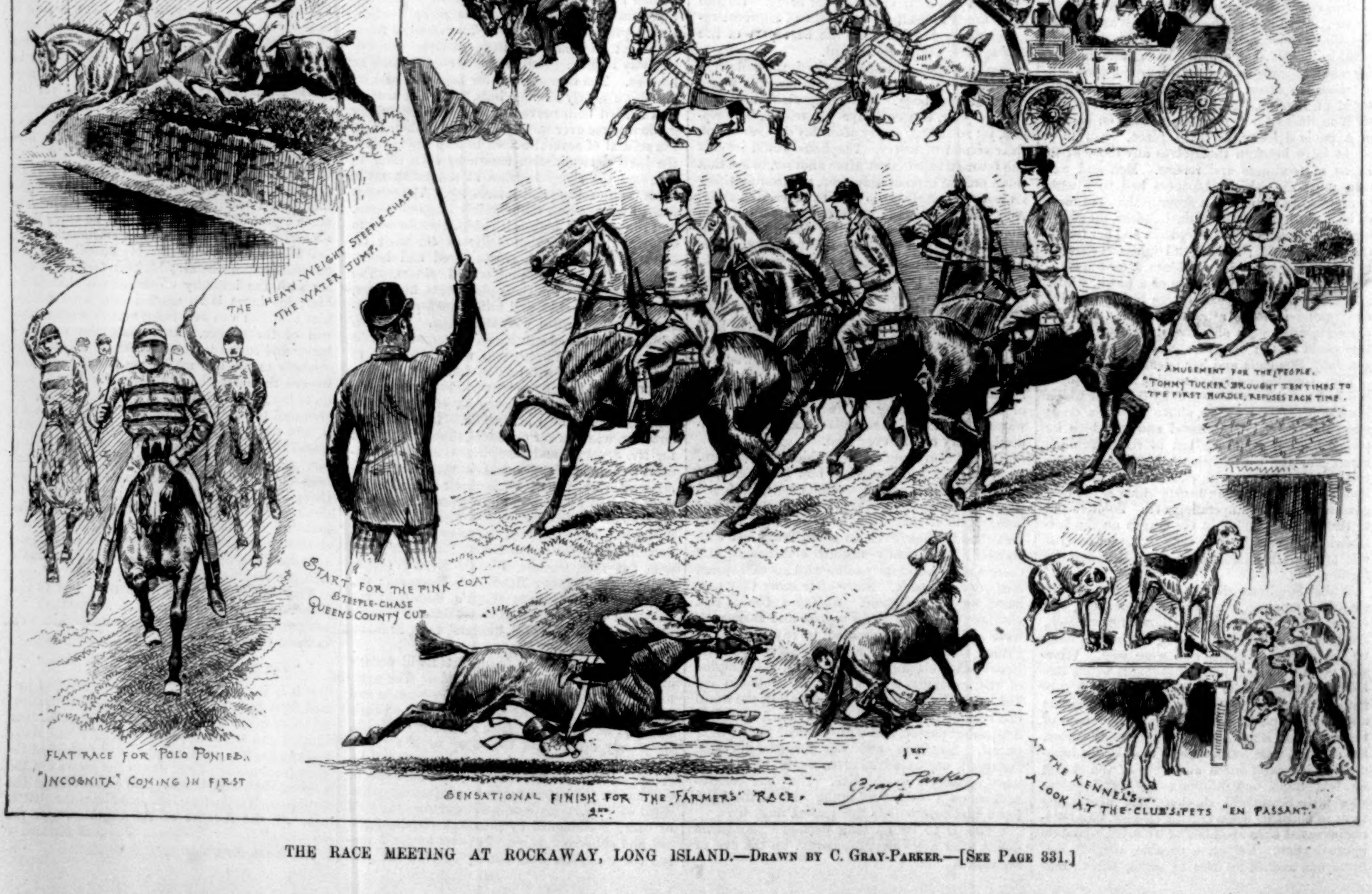
New York, May, 1883.

DESIGN FOR A STATUE OF PAUL REVERE.—By James E. Kelly.—[See Page 331.]

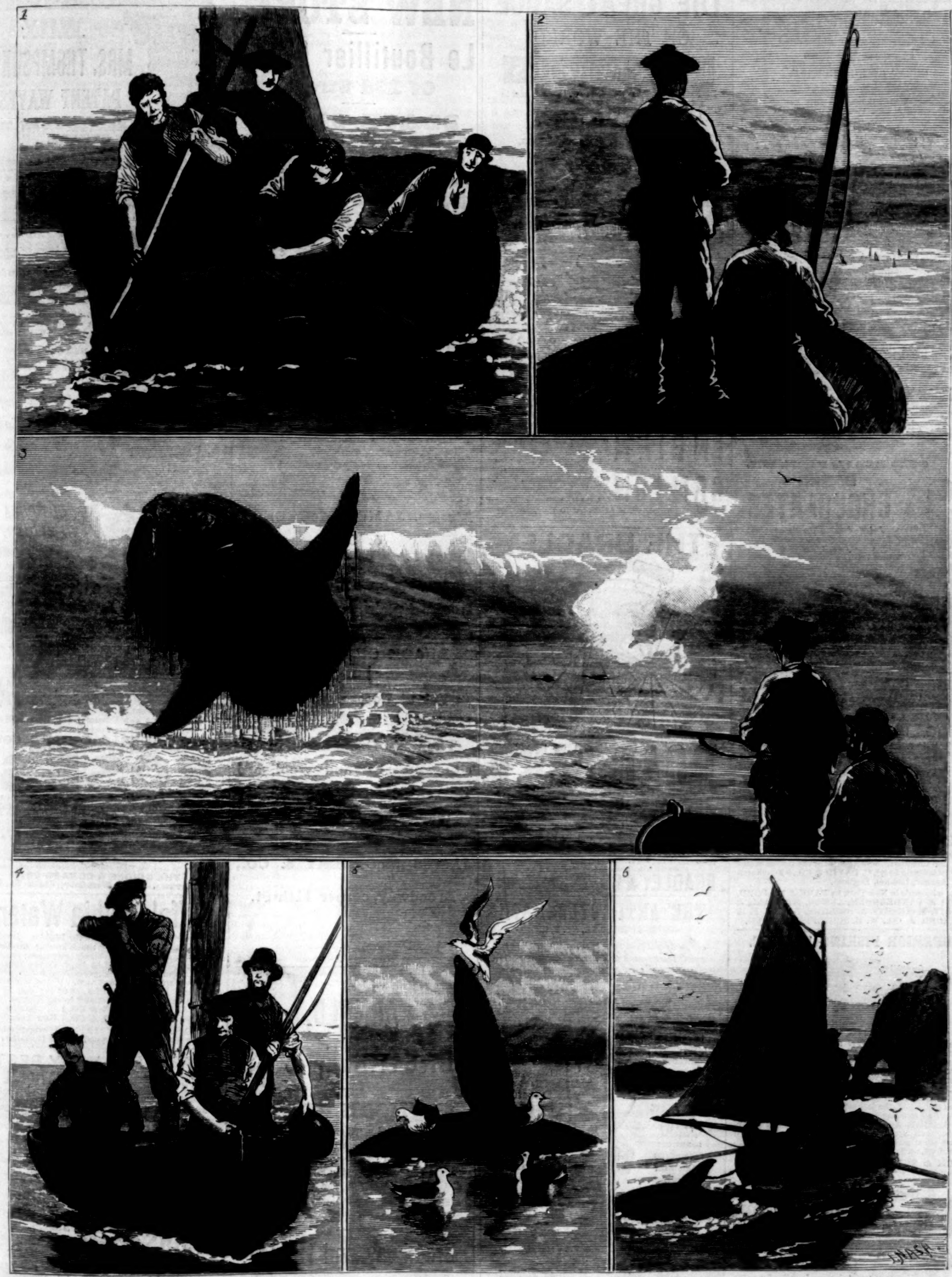


THE LATE BISHOP PECK.

The Rev. Jesse T. Peck, D.D., LL.D., one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose death occurred at Syracuse, New York, on May 17, was one of a famous ministerial family. His brother, the Rev. Dr. George Peck, now deceased, was one of the leaders of the Methodist host in the stormy period extending from 1844 to 1852; other brothers also were Methodist ministers. Dr. Peck was born in Middlefield, Otsego County, New York, April 4, 1811. His paternal and his maternal grandfathers were both Revolutionary soldiers. His education was received at Cazenovia Seminary, where his brother, the Rev. George Peck, was principal. In 1832 he joined the Oneida Conference, and served as pastor till 1837, when he was appointed principal of Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary; in 1841 he became principal of the Troy Conference Seminary, at Poultney, Vermont. In 1844 the General Conference was held which brought the slavery controversy to a crisis, and was followed by the division of the Methodist Episcopal Church into a Northern and a Southern body. During the debates in this Conference Dr. Jesse Peck distinguished himself by a speech of unusual brilliance and power, which brought him to the front rank of Methodist ministers. From 1848 to 1852 he was President of Dickinson College. In 1854 he was made Secretary and editor of the Tract Society, to fill the unexpired term of the Rev. Abel Stevens, then in Europe. In 1856 he returned to the pastorate, and was stationed in New York city, and San Francisco, Sacramento, and Santa Clara, California. Upon his return to the Eastern States Dr. Peck was stationed at Peekskill, Albany, and Syracuse. In this last city he became one of the founders of the Syracuse University. In 1872 he was elected Bishop.



THE RACE MEETING AT ROCKAWAY, LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by C. Gray-Parker.—[See Page 331.]



1. Securing a "Take." 2. Getting within Range. 3. O mirabile visu! 4. The coup de grâce. 5. Sunfish enjoying a Siesta. 6. Homeward bound.

SUNFISH-SHOOTING.

SUNFISH-SHOOTING OFF THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND.

THE sunfish is, as regards its general appearance, truly a "caution" to the fish tribe. One of its most frequent haunts is off the wild and rocky coasts of the west of Ireland. Its length varies from five to nearly seven feet from the nose to the tail, if indeed such an apology for a caudal appendage may be called a tail. It is from three to four and a half feet in depth, from seven to nine feet in girth, and its extreme thickness varies from one and a half to two feet. When full-grown these fish attain to an enormous weight, specimens having been killed which were estimated to weigh over a ton. The sunfish make their appearance on the west coast of Ireland as soon as the warm weather begins. They are gregarious for the greater part of the season, moving about in "schools" in numbers varying from five to ten; but as the autumn draws on they are more frequently to be met with singly.

On a warm day, when the sea is calm, these fish may be observed lazily gliding through the water, with their great dorsal fins projecting from the surface. Or they may as frequently be seen basking on the surface with sea-gulls perching on their backs, and pecking at the parasites which they find upon the huge monsters.

When struck with a bullet just at the butt of the dorsal fin the movements of this great fish are truly wonderful. At one moment he will turn round and round, churning the water into masses of foam. Bullet after bullet is then fired into the fish, the shots being easily obtained, since the fish usually remains at the surface if the first shot between the fin and backbone has been successful.

In the case before us the fish, after receiving the fifth shot, disappeared bodily, leaving a large space of water white with foam and flecked with blood. Yet only for a minute. Not many yards in front of the boat our piscine friend, *O mirabile visu!* suddenly burst up from the water and rose four or five feet into the air, and then striking the water with its expansive side caused a tremendous report.

After receiving eight shots the fish finally succumbed, and while one of the boat's crew held up the defunct brute with a gaff, another fastened a rope to one of its fins, and then the prize was towed to shore. Yet the fish is comparatively valueless, for, notwithstanding its great size, very little oil is obtained from its liver, the average quantity being about four gallons. As a sport it takes a prominent place among its votaries, and, moreover, little skill is required, for if one can prove his ability to hit a fair-sized hay-cock at the distance of ten yards, he may make pretty certain of hitting the ugly sunfish, if he be not overcome by excitement.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN LIVER AND KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Dr. O. G. Cilley, Boston, says: "I have used it with the most remarkable success in dyspepsia and derangement of the liver and kidneys."—[*Adv.*]

GREAT HORSE MEDICINE.

No horse need die of colic if Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment is on hand when first taken. A single dose revives an overheated horse, and puts new life into him. It quickly cures Galls, Sprains, Old Sores, Scratches, Sore Throats, etc. The Derby Condition Powders are used by the best horsemen in the country. They are no cheap articles, but the best ingredients that can be purchased, and perfectly innocent; 25 cents per box.

They cure Distemper, Loss of Appetite, Worms, Bots, Coughs, Hide-Bound, give a Fine Coat, and Cleanse the Urine; 25 cents per box. The Family Liniment is 25 and 50 cents per bottle, the Horse 90 cents. Sold by the druggists and saddlers. Depot, 42 Murray St.

One thousand certificates from prominent horsemen can be seen at the depot.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE,

The Best and Cheapest Hair Dressing. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of the Hair. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

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OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

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OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

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We offer a fine 3-joint Fly Rod, 15-yard Brass Reel, 100-ft. Linen Line, 3 Files, 3 Hooks to gut, and Leader, complete, by express, for $5 00; by mail, postpaid, $5 50. Sample flies by mail, postpaid, 10c. each; per dozen, $1 00. 1 three-piece Trout Rod, 1 Float, 1 Brass Reel, 100 ft. Linen Line, ½ dozen Hooks, 1 Sinker, 1 Gut Leader, all for $2 75.

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A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c. Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists. TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

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250 Pieces **SCOTCH GINGHAMS,** 20c. per yard.

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Have now open their season's stock of plain and fancy

BLACK GRENADINES,

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The plain Grenadines, in all-silk and silk-and-wool, are warranted not to slip or change color.

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"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

Disfiguring Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

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Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from Cuticura, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin.

Cuticura Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

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The only establishment making a **SPECIAL BUSINESS of ROSES. 60 LARGE HOUSES for ROSES alone.** Strong Pot Plants suitable for immediate bloom delivered safely, postpaid, to any post-office. **5** splendid varieties, **your choice,** all labeled, for **$1; 12** for **$2; 19** for **$3; 26** for **$4; 35** for **$5; 75** for **$10; 100** for **$13;** We **GIVE a Handsome Present** of **choice** and **valuable ROSES** free with every order. Our **NEW GUIDE,** *a complete Treatise on the Rose,* 70 pp. *elegantly illustrated—free to all.*

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Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

Buffalo Lithia Water,

A powerful solvent of Stone in the Bladder. Invaluable in Bright's Disease of the Kidneys; specific in Gout and Rheumatism; highly efficacious in Acid Dyspepsia, &c. Endorsed by Dr. J. Marion Sims, Dr. Wm. A. Hammond (late Surgeon-General U. S. Army), and other eminent medical men. Water, in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles, $5 00 per case at the Springs. Springs pamphlet sent to any address.

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WANTED 8 or 10 Successful BOOK AGENTS

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$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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40 Chromo Visiting Cards, no 2 alike, for 1883, name on, and Illustrated Premium List, 10c. Warranted best sold. Agents wanted. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

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AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 free. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

50 Large Cromos, New and pretty as ever published. Name on, 10c. VANN & CO., New Haven, Conn.

THE PREMIUM
to the Wives of Grocers has been pronounced by all who have seen it to be the handsomest and most valuable ever offered by a manufacturer to make the trade familiar with his name. The Case itself is a magnificent one, and the Silver Ware elegant, of beautiful pattern, and of the finest quality.

DONT BE A CLAM

CLAMS ARE NOT A PROPER MODEL FOR A HUMAN BEING TO COPY AFTER

they are wedded to their old clam-like notions:—they open their shells to take in their accustomed food, but they shut up very tight when anything new comes along

FOR THEY ARE CLAMS

AND DONT PROPOSE TO ALLOW THINGS TO PENETRATE THEIR SHELLS THAT WERE UNKNOWN TO THEIR GRANDFATHER CLAMS AND TO THEIR GRANDMOTHER CLAMS:—

A Clam is not a good thing for a Housekeeper to copy after:—
A Clam is not a good thing for a Farmer to copy after:—is not a good thing for a Grocer to copy after:—

A WIDE-AWAKE HOUSEKEEPER will *TRY* new ways that are *endorsed by leading newspapers:—*
A WIDE-AWAKE FARMER will try a Butter Worker or a Grain Binder:—
A WIDE-AWAKE GROCER will try a new Molasses Gate and a new Coal Oil Can *and will buy the kind of goods his customers call for:—*

Of course if a woman tries every new thing that she hears of she will often be duped:—But there is no sensible man or sensible woman who does not know for certain that reliable publishers would not allow such continuous use of their papers for advertising The Frank Siddalls Soap if they had not first satisfied themselves that it was NOT A HUMBUG.
Intelligent women are rapidly adopting new methods about their work, and those who have done so are already beginning to look down with pity on persons who are set in their old ways:

TO GROCERS' WIVES
We offer a Special Premium of a beautiful set of Plated Silver Knives and Forks, for simply giving The Frank Siddalls Soap *a thorough trial.*

SO DONT BE A CLAM

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

—FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE—

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water or fuel is scarce remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap, that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dishrag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

—FOR HOUSE CLEANING—

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; *ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass;* while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose. Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantlepieces, etc:—*It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.*

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

—FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES—

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

—FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL—

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel Keeper, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

—FOR SHAVING—

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

—FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.—

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable.* No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is elegant for washing Printing Ink from the hands, and from Printers' Rollers, Type, and Electrotypes, being much better than Benzine, and safer, as shocking accidents by fire often occur from Benzine, and parents whose children use Amateur Printing Presses should remember this.

Type and Rollers washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap are in splendid condition for immediate use, and will take the ink readily.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

—IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS—

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

—AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT—

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed Places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects often experienced when other soap is used, while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.
Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

—FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION—

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE or WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out;*) it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

—ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES—

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

For Washing Pearls, Coral, Diamonds, and other precious stones, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Plate, and for cleaning Watch Crystals, it is considered by Jewelers superior to any powder or other preparation.
Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets; also for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT, *and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will of course last much longer,*

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, *will not chap* from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but of course* home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind MUST NOT BE USED (*not even Castile Soap*).

It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun.
It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the advertisement in "HARPER'S WEEKLY." Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

Promise No. 2—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on. All this is done for 10 cents *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

No intelligent woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for, but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.

You must NOT send for more than one cake:
if a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper,* which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle
THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.
Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters:—OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.